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SERIES

At The End of The
Rainbow

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Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
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Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

A COLLEGE COMEDY IN
THREE ACTS

BY
LINDSEY BARBEE

AUTHOR OF
*"After the Game," "The Kingdom of
Heart's Content," Etc.*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
163 RANDOLPH STREET

11107

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

CHARACTERS.

ROBERT PRESTON.....	<i>A Lawyer</i>
DOUGLAS BROWN.....	<i>A Football Player</i>
DICK PRESTON.....	<i>The Groom</i>
STANLEY PALMER.....	<i>"Hawkins, the Butler"</i>
TED WHITNEY.....	<i>Captain of the 'Varsity Team</i>
JACK AUSTIN.....	<i>Preston's Secretary</i>
MARION DAYTON.....	<i>A Ward of Preston</i>
NELLIE PRESTON.....	<i>A Bride</i>
LOUISE ROSS.....	<i>Known as Miss Grayson</i>
PHYLLIS LANE.....	<i>A Football Enthusiast</i>
KATHLEEN KNOX.....	<i>Chairman of the Rushing Committee</i>
THE IMP.....	<i>A Freshman</i>
EMILY ELLIOTT.....	<i>With a Conscience</i>
JANE.....	<i>A Maid with a Taste for Literature</i>
MRS. BROWN.....	<i>Step-Mother of Douglas Brown</i>
POLLY PRICE	} <i>Of the Theta Phi</i>
ELSA ERNEST	
MARJORIE ARNOLD	
MARIE SWIFT	
MOLLY BRUCE	

SCENE—*A College Town.*

TIME—*Present Day.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes.*

ACT I—"Den" in the Theta Phi House.....

Early in the College Year

ACT II—Library in the Preston Home.....

Marion's Mask Ball—Two Weeks Later

ACT III—Interior of Athletic Club House.....

Afternoon and Evening of Day of Game

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—Phyllis and the "Imp" at their studies. Emily and Polly have trouble finding things. Ted's plea to Phyllis to help the college. The promise. Robert's story of his client's troubles. "At the end of the rainbow." The bride and groom. Jane sees some things. Nell comes to the rescue of Theta Phi. Molly becomes a maid. Dick employs a butler. A domestic rumpus. Jane alarms the butler. "Hawkins" makes love. Louise plays with Jack. Phyllis wins Douglas. The luncheon. The agreement. "Douglas Brown will play!"

ACT II—The supper. Dick defends the butler. Maid and butler discuss affairs. Molly is taken in. Robert and Marion exchange confidences. The old story, "Hearts and Masks." The substitution of papers. The plot to steal the packet. Louise deceives Robert. The combination of the safe. Douglas visits Phyllis clandestinely. The lesson. The candidate. Louise secures the packet. The "Imp" makes a startling discovery. Marion's sacrifice. "I sought the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!"

ACT III—The football game. Louise betrays Phyllis. Douglas in despair. "I have lost him forever!" Ted is hurt. A player's lament. The victory and jubilation. Robert's suspicions are aroused. Molly is jealous, but Palmer's candy works a marvelous cure. Louise is exposed. The "Imp" is indignant. "My wings haven't sprouted yet." Phyllis and Douglas. "We'll hold on to the old homestead." Robert and Marion find "the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

First presented February 19, 1909, by the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority of Denver University.

STORY.

The scenes of the play are located in a college town. The students are practicing for a football game with a rival college team and much interest in the outcome is shown. It develops that Douglas Brown, a football expert from another college, is in town on business connected with his father's estate, and to distract attention enters this college. Phyllis Lane induces him to consent to play with the team at the request of the captain, a love romance being created thereby.

Robert Preston, a lawyer, secretly loves Marion Dayton, his ward, and she reciprocates. He intrusts the combination of his safe to her and tells her of a packet of important papers lying therein. Louise Ross and her mother, Mrs. Brown, stepmother of Douglas, learn that a second will disinheriting them has been found and is among the papers in Preston's safe. They plot to obtain possession of the document at a mask ball given by Marion. Louise wears a costume identical with that of Marion's, deceives Preston, learns from him the combination of the safe, obtains the papers by the aid of Jack Austin, unaware of the fact that the original packet has been removed by Preston and other documents substituted. The "Imp," a girl student, sees and recognizes her.

Preston enters and recognizes Jack, who is assisting Louise in the belief that she is Marion, and convinced that Jack meditates robbery, upbraids him. Marion enters and comprehending the situation as she fancies, she shields Jack by assuming the guilt. Her innocence is finally established by the "Imp," who exposes Louise. Meanwhile Douglas wins the game for the team and realizes that he loves Phyllis, but when he learns that she has trifled with him.

he becomes cool. This, however, passes away and happiness follows.

When Marion's self-sacrificing effort to save Jack is brought to Preston's attention through the exposure of Louise's duplicity, he discovers that he loves her and their dream of the pot of gold at "the end of the rainbow" is happily realized.

COSTUMES.

ROBERT—Act I: Street suit. Derby hat. Act II: Evening clothes. Act III: Street suit.

DOUGLAS—Act I: Light flannel suit, soft hat. Act II: Light suit, sweater, cap. Act III: Football suit, street suit and soft hat.

DICK—Act I: Street suit, soft hat. Act II: Fancy costume. Act III: Street suit, soft hat.

STANLEY—Act I: Light suit, soft hat. Act II: Tuxedo or evening clothes. Act III: Light flannel suit, soft hat.

TED—Act I: Football suit. Act III: Football suit, street suit and soft hat.

JACK—Act I: Street suit, Derby hat. Act II: Evening clothes. Act III: Street suit, soft hat.

MARION—Act I: Light silk gown with large hat. Act II: Colonial costume in lavender and white. White wig and large bunch of violets. Mask. Act III: Simple gown of some light material.

NELLIE—Act I: Stunning tailor suit with large hat. Act II: Any fancy dress. Act III: Coat suit or long coat suitable for game. Corresponding hat.

LOUISE—Act I: Trained gown, large hat. Act II: Gown a counterpart of Marion's, also black domino and mask. Act III: White serge tailor suit and hat or light brown gown of some description.

PHYLLIS—Act I: White duck suit, college sweater, soft college hat. Act II: Gipsy costume, mask. Act III: Coat suit of white serge or linen, large hat.

MOLLY—Act I: Light summer gown. Act II: Maid's costume. Act III: Wash gown of heavy light material.

KATHLEEN, ELSA, MARJORIE, MARIE—Act I: Light summer gowns. Act III: Coat suits and hats suitable for game.

EMILY, POLLY—Act I: White suits, bright sweaters, soft hats. Act III: Coat suits and hats suitable for game.

THE IMP—Act I: White suit, sweater and cap. Act II: Imp's costume. Act III: Linen suit and hat.

MRS. BROWN—Trained black gown, black hat and furs.

JANE—Maid's costume, black gown, white collar and cuffs, apron and cap.

With the exception of Robert Preston and Mrs. Brown, all the characters in the play are young students averaging about twenty years. Robert is forty and Mrs. Brown fifty years old. It is not essential that every suggestion as to costumes made in the foregoing should be adopted, but it is merely intended to give an outline of the various gowns and suits to be employed. The costumes may be supplied according to the taste and desires of the people playing the various parts, all of whom are presumed to be conversant with the dress employed by college folk everywhere.

PROPERTIES.

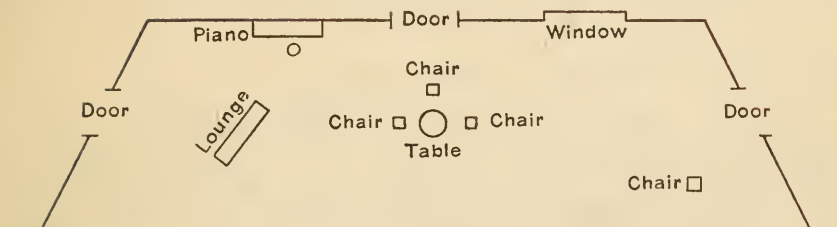
ACT I—Small parlor table with lamp, books, magazines, inkstand, pens, paper, newspapers. Three or four upholstered chairs. Lounge with pillows. Two or three rugs. Several pictures for walls. Hat rack. Piano and stool. A number of college pennants, flags, etc. Writing pad and pencil for the "Imp." Some rice for Nell. Pictorial newspaper for Jane. Candle for Marjorie. Stage currency for Dick. Hassock for Marion.

ACT II—Library table with four easy chairs. Small serving table with chafing dish, cups, saucers, coffee pot, knives, forks, edibles, sandwiches, etc. Piano with stool. Two or three potted palms. Lounge with pillows. Hassock. Packet of papers for Preston.

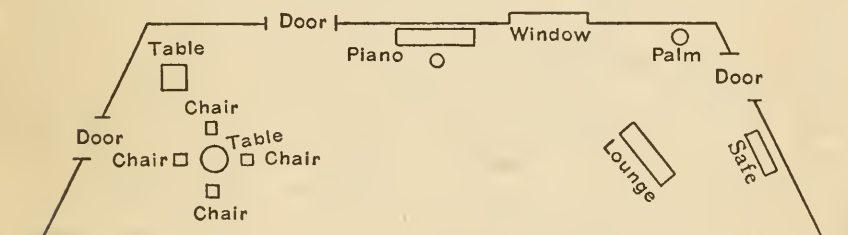
ACT III—Rough table with three or four chairs. Two or three pairs of boxing gloves to hang on wall. Horns for students. Flags and college colors for use during football game. Document for Preston. Box of chocolates for Palmer.

SCENE PLOT.

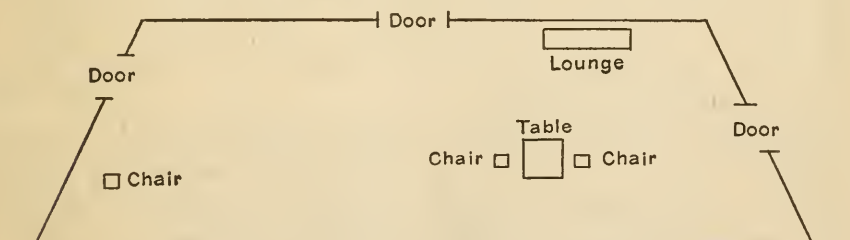
ACT I.



ACT II.



ACT III.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat, or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

ACT I.

SCENE: "Den" of the Theta Phi House, in 3. College colors, pennants, flags, bunting, etc., on walls. Round top curtained entrance C. Practical doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Small table with lamp, candle, books, magazines, newspapers, inkstand, pens, etc., down C. Upholstered chairs on either side of table. Lounge, with pillows, R. C. Large window L. U. E., with curtains, showing landscape view outside. Chairs here and there against walls, R. and L. Wainscot backing in 4, which is visible through entrance C. Hat rack may be placed against wainscot. Pictures on walls and rugs on floor, in front of table and lounge. Piano and stool to R. of C. D. See Scene Plot for stage setting.

At rise discovered PHYLLIS at table C. and IMP lying on lounge R. C. PHYLLIS is writing and IMP is marking paper pad with lead pencil. Stage well illuminated, it being afternoon.

IMP (immediately after rise, to PHYLLIS). Please, Phyl, help me with my English.

PHYLLIS (as she writes). Hush, Imp! Genius is simmering. (Looks about as she rummages among things on table.) Now, where did I put that memorandum? Oh, yes. In the French dic—(to IMP). Reach it for me.

IMP (giving a book to PHYLLIS). There you are.

PHYL. That's a good child. Thanks. Wait till I copy this name, and—(works feverishly at writing).

IMP. What are you doing, anyway?

PHYL. Wait a minute, can't you? (Writes rapidly.) Now that's done. Thank goodness! What did you ask me? Oh, yes. This is my weekly contribution to the (name local col-

lege paper). Oh, dear! Here are only sixteen pages and it takes eighteen of my writing to make a column.

IMP (*laughing*). Why don't you tell about the new chapel, gymnasium and all the new improvements which are going to be made some day or other?

PHYL. (*indignantly*). Imp, do you realize this is (*name college paper*).

IMP. Then put in some of the Chancellor's statistics. They're awfully thrilling.

PHYL. Perhaps. But I don't believe people read them with—well, emotion.

IMP. Oh, I didn't know you wanted it to be read—

EMILY (*offstage R. 2 E., calls*). Phyl!

PHYL. What is it?

EMILY (*offstage*). Where's my belt?

PHYL. In the top drawer of the dresser.

IMP (*holding up pad*). I can't go to football practice until I finish this. It's a genuine word picture.

POLLY (*offstage L. 2 E., calls*). Phyl!

PHYL. (*annoyed*). Well?

POLLY (*offstage*). Where's my rat?

IMP. I gave it to the Dean. He needed an automobile tire.

POLLY. Shut up, Imp! What did you say, Phyl?

PHYL. Top drawer, I think.

IMP (*to PHYL.*). As I was saying, Phyl, it's a word picture and—

Loud noise offstage at L. 2 E. POLLY shouts and throws things on floor with clatter.

PHYL. (*annoyed*). What's going on in there?

POLLY (*offstage, grunting*). Shoes at present.

PHYL. (*glancing at her watch*). At this rate we'll never be ready for football practice. Polly Price, you were putting on your shoes fifteen minutes ago!

POLLY (*offstage*). Well, they're all on but one, and I can't find that one. (*More noise.*)

PHYL. (*rises and turns L.*). Did you look in the top drawer?

POLLY. No; I'll see.

IMP (*sighingly*). Now, this is a word picture.

PHYL. How do you mean?

IMP. Why, we take somebody we know, and weave a romance about him—

POLLY (*thrusting her head out of door L. 2 E.*). I've found it, Phyl!

PHYL. Found what?

POLLY. The shoe, of course. It *was* in the top drawer.

IMP (*resuming*). Somebody we know, so I thought—

EMILY (*thrusting her head out of door R. 2 E.*). Phyl, shall I wash my hands or wear my gloves? Haven't time for both.

PHYL. (*horrified*). Mercy! Wear your gloves, of course!

IMP. I've written something about Miss Grayson, the new girl. Everybody's crazy about her.

PHYL. (*at table C.*). Oh, no; not everybody.

IMP. But I've written her up as a woman with a history. What *are* women with histories, Phyl?

PHYL. Book agents, usually.

POLLY (*her head thrust out of door L. 2 E.*). Phyl!

PHYL. (*turning to POLLY*). Yes?

POLLY. Did you go to the lecture given by the famous freak?

PHYL. You bet I did—two hours long.

POLLY (*laughing*). What was it all about?

PHYL. He didn't say.

IMP (*dreamily*). Then I have a corker about Dr. Roberts. (*Name local instructor of prominence.*)

EMILY (*at R. 2 E., interrupting*). Phyl, don't you let her hand it in. It's dreadful! Represents him as a peaceful professor half the time and a raging anarchist the other half. The type that wears long hair and writes recipes for bombs. (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

POLLY (*at L. 2 E.*). Phyl, where's my sweater? It has all the tickets for the game in the pocket and—

PHYL. (*interrupting*). Look in the top drawer under the pile of handkerchiefs.

POLLY. Thanks. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

IMP (*going to window up L.*). Here comes Ted in his football suit. Oh, isn't he lovely! I'll let him in! (*Runs to C. D.*)

PHYL. Freshmen should be neither seen nor heard.

IMP (*coming to PHYLLIS at table*). Oh, please, Phyl! Just this once! I won't say a word. Honest! He's the captain, you know.

(*Telephone bell rings offstage R. 2 E.*)

PHYL. Answer the 'phone, Imp.

IMP. Answer it yourself.

PHYL. (*sternly*). What?

IMP (*turning to R. 2 E.*). Oh, yes, I'll answer it. Miss Miller says you shouldn't say 'phone. (*Bell rings again.*) Oh, shut up! (*Exits R. 2 E., reappearing immediately and thrusting her head out of door.*) I said "shut up" to the 'phone, not you, Phyl. (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

Enter TED C. D. He comes down C. hastily.

TED (*to PHYLLIS*). You don't mind my coming in without ringing, do you? I'm in a tearing rush—due at practice, you know.

PHYL. Not at all, Ted.

TED (*goes to window up L.*). I'll stand here by the window and keep an eye open for Koehler.

POLLY appears at L. 2 E. simultaneously with EMILY and IMP, who appear at R. 2 E. All listen to conversation of others.

PHYL. (*at window up L., to TED*). How's everything going, Ted? Did the trick play work?

TED. Every time. Oh, Phyl, it's keen to be a part of it—to butt your shoulder against somebody—to fall underneath the pile—to—to—why, I'd rather make a touchdown with the knowledge that the dear old college is on top than—oh, pshaw! It's a funny sort of feeling, Phyl. There's a big lump in your throat that you can't swallow. You love the old 'varsity that you're fighting for, and oh! I just can't explain.

PHYL. (*enthusiastically*). Oh, how I wish I were a man! How I should love it—the struggling, the fighting, the gaining of the victory! It's a wonderful thing, this love for one's college. It's almost like loving a woman!

TED. Well, I don't know about that—never experienced it. But, gosh! How I am wasting time! Phyl, will you help the team?

PHYL. Help the team? To the last ditch!

TED. Well, then, you know there's a new man in the law school—Brown.

PHYL. Yes, I've heard of him—

TED (*interrupting*). Quiet sort of fellow, but yesterday he was out at practice, and heavens! how he can kick! How he can play! How he can—

PHYL. (*eagerly*). So he made the team?

TED. Hold on. He can make the team all right, but he won't play.

PHYL. (*shocked*). Won't play! Why?

TED. Something queer about him. He says he's here to study! Just think of it—to study! (*Laughs.*)

PHYL. Study! When he can make the team? Study! I don't understand.

TED. Neither do I. Lots of funny people in the world. (*Takes PHYLLIS' hands suddenly.*) But he's going to play, all right!

PHYL. (*surprised*). How?

TED (*significantly*). That's for *you* to say, Phyl.

PHYL. (*amazed*). Me!

TED. You and the girls. Here's my scheme. You're to interest him—work him—flirt with him—any old thing, just so you win him over—make him promise—

PHYL. (*indignantly*). You've come to the wrong girl, Ted. Fascinations are not in my line. I can't flirt, I can't do anything, but—

TED (*enthusiastically*). Be a good fellow—that's it, exactly! He's the man for that sort of thing. Get the girls to help you, and we'll win out.

PHYL. (*protestingly*). Oh, I can't, Ted! It isn't right; it isn't straightforward; it isn't—

TED (*interrupting*). Think a minute now. If we get him it means a victory in the State.

PHYL. No, Ted.

TED (*fiercely*). It means the championship for the college!

PHYL. (*with emotion, after a pause*). Well, Ted, I'll try! I'll do more than that—I promise!

TED (*taking her hands and dancing about with her dozen to C.*). Bully for you Phyl! It's all right now, and—well, I'm much obliged. I must be off. (*Turns upstage.*)

Enter EMILY and IMP R. 2 E. and POLLY L. 2 E. They come C., TED and PHYLLIS looking at them in surprise.

EMILY (*putting on her hat as she enters*). Ted, you're mean not to stay. I'm just about ready, and—

POLLY (*struggling to put on her sweater*). I have my rat all over one ear just from hurrying.

TED. I'll see you at practice, girls. Honest, I will! Koehler's probably hot-footing it after me now.

EMILY. Remember, now! You promised me your shoe laces.

POLLY. And you said you'd give me your nose guard.

TED (*at C. D.*). You bet I will! I'll tear myself into souvenirs if it will help any! (*Exit, running C. D.*)

EMILY (*at R. C. to PHYLLIS, who stands back of table, facing audience*). It isn't right, Phyl. It's never right to deceive people. My own conscience—

PHYL. (*interrupting laughingly*). My dear, you have an ulcerated conscience.

POLLY (*at L. C.*). Who's deceiving anybody? Providence intended us poor women to be fascinating, and—and—

EMILY. But that's bordering upon flirtations and flirtations are vulgar. My conscience—

IMP (*at lounge R. C.*). Hang your conscience! "It's better to lie a little than be unhappy much."

POLLY (*going up C.*). Come on; we're late.

Exeunt PHYLLIS, IMP, POLLY and EMILY C. D., going L. As they exit they noisily greet newcomers and then enter

MARION and ROBERT. *They stand at C. D. and wave their hands L.*

MARION (*calls off*). Hope you have a good time, girls! (*Others answer laughingly, their voices gradually dying away.*)

ROBERT (*sitting on lounge R. C.*). I'm glad for a chance to sit down, Marion. That was a delightful run we had.

MARION (*drawing hassock to lounge and sitting beside ROBERT, her arms on his knees*). I'll sit here just as I used to do when I first came to you. Do you remember, Robert?

ROBERT. Ten years ago! Yes, I remember.

MARION (*musingly*). I was very lonely then, very frightened, and I dreaded it all. Then, you were so good to me, and ever since I have been happy—oh, so happy, Bob!

ROBERT (*caressing her*). Your father was my best friend, Marion. When he left me his little girl it was indeed a precious gift.

MARION (*laughingly*). Have I been worth while?

ROBERT. Worth while! What would auntie do without her tyrant, or Dick without his right-hand man? Or how could I manage without you?

MARION. It will be different now. Auntie's gone, Dick doesn't need me now, and Nell will be the head of the house. But you must not think that I do not wish it to be so, for I love Nell with all my heart. But you won't let her take my place with—with you?

ROBERT. Why, child! As if anybody could! Haven't you always been the company in the firm?

MARION (*clasps her hand joyously*). Preston and Company! Oh, it's been such fun! And you have trusted me. (*Pauses.*)

ROBERT. With everything. Have I ever tried a case until you have passed judgment upon its merits? Have I ever written a speech without your criticism? Why, I've even told you the combination to the safe.

MARION. I am proudest of that. I am truly, Bob. Nobody else knows it but you and me?

ROBERT. Nobody.

MARION. Not even Dick or Jack. Why, I say it over and over again to myself lest I forget, and then I close my eyes and see the big door open. There's the compartment with all the queer legal documents. I never could understand them. There's the upper left hand drawer which holds my own stocks and bonds. Dear me. Stocks and bonds. I feel like a plutocrat.

ROBERT (*laughingly*). And your eighteenth birthday isn't far off. Remember that, Marion.

MARION. Do I get them all—all?

ROBERT. All.

MARION. Oh, Bob! Really? Then there's the drawer with all the Preston jewels. Some will go to Nell now, won't they? And the others, why, to your—your wife, Bob—your wife. Somehow I never thought of your—your wife. (*Meditates.*)

ROBERT (*after a pause*). There's no special reason why you should think of her now, is there?

MARION (*meditatively*). No, but—(*becoming suddenly vivacious*). Then there's the drawer with the quaint little knob, which is always empty.

ROBERT (*interrupting*). But it isn't empty now, Marion. All the papers of the Brown estate are safely locked therein.

MARION. Tell me of this Brown estate.

ROBERT. Rather a peculiar case, Marion. About four years ago I became legal adviser to Mr. Brown, a wealthy merchant, a widower with an only son to whom he was devotedly attached. About two years since, I was told, he married a dashing widow with a beautiful daughter.

MARION. Have you seen her?

ROBERT. No, nor the son, who at the time of my hurried trips to his father's home always was at college. I knew Mr. Brown but slightly, but I observed that he was eccentric, irritable and easily duped.

MARION. How interesting!

ROBERT. Taking advantage of a quarrel between father and son, the wife, who I suspect is a bit of adventuress, doubtless persuaded the old man to make a will disinher-

iting his son and devising the bulk of his estate to his widow and daughter. The death of Mr. Brown two months ago brought a sealed packet to me with a letter in his own handwriting, instructing me not to open the packet until a certain date which he specified.

MARION. And you believe this packet contains another will?

ROBERT. I think so. It is well enough, therefore, that we be on our guard.

MARION. You mean—?

ROBERT. That the widow and daughter may feel a natural desire to learn the contents of the packet.

MARION (*uneasily*). But they couldn't take it from the safe.

ROBERT (*laughingly*). Not unless they used dynamite or bribed you to open it for them.

MARION. The second supposition is quite out of the question, Mr. Bob. And if anybody attempted the first, he would be obliged to walk over Jack's dead body!

ROBERT (*admiringly*). The Old Guard, up to date!

MARION. You're fond of Jack, aren't you? If he were to prove unworthy of your confidence or trust you would be deeply hurt?

ROBERT. There's nothing that hurts more deeply, child, than a trust betrayed. But why do you ask such a question?

MARION (*somewhat confused*). It just popped into my head, that's all. But there's Miss Grayson.

ROBERT. Who's Miss Grayson?

MARION. The new student. She's really caused a great sensation—very stunning, very fascinating, but—but I don't like her.

ROBERT. What has this to do with Jack?

MARION. She's bewitched him.

ROBERT. Let the boy have his chance. He never cared for girls—

MARION (*interrupting*). That's just it. He's going into it blindly. And a man needs experience with a girl like her.

ROBERT (*laughingly places hand on her forehead*). Such a washboard of a brow! Smooth out your wrinkles. Don't

bother about Jack, for your old guardian is all you are to manage.

MARION (*weaved*). Don't call yourself old. It hurts me.

ROBERT. How can I help it, Marion? How can I, when I compare the gray, shadowy mist of my forty years with the cloudless blue sky of your fresh youth?

MARION. Youth isn't so free from care as you would have us think it. The clouds are small, perhaps, but they are very real, and sometimes they make the sky seem, oh, so dark and cheerless.

ROBERT. A sombre gray only until the light makes it silver, until the sun brings out the rainbow hues. A pretty path to travel with one's heart's desire—at the end of the rainbow.

MARION (*fervently*). At the end of the rainbow! One's heart's desire! Oh, if it might be so—if—(*meditates*).

ROBERT. Are you hoping for the traditional pot of gold?

MARION (*softly*). One's heart's desire. (*Looks at ROBERT meaningly.*)

ROBERT. Come, Marion, tell it to me.

MARION (*rising*). I can't, Bob, for you wouldn't understand. (*Turns to window up L. and looks off.*)

ROBERT (*aside, as he looks at MARION*). I wouldn't understand. What does she mean?

MARION (*as she looks out of window*). Oh, Bob, do come here!

ROBERT (*going to MARION up L.*). What's the matter?

MARION. See the bride and groom! Isn't it funny?

ROBERT (*looks out of window, laughs*). Dick and Nellie Preston!

MARION. Let's go meet them.

ROBERT. All right.

Exit ROBERT and MARION C. D., turning L. Voices and laughter heard offstage up L., then enter DICK and NELL, the latter struggling with a mass of white ribbons which fall from her parasol.

DICK (*coming down C. with rueful face*). When will they stop laughing at us, I wonder?

NELL (*fumbling with ribbons*). Those abominable girls! Nobody would have suspected, if it hadn't been for this ribbon.

DICK. And the rice! It drops from your hat every step you take. I declare I'm tired of picking it up. (*Stoops and picks up rice from floor.*)

NELL. I hope you're saving it, Dick.

DICK. Saving what?

NELL. The rice.

DICK (*amazed*). Why on earth should I save it?

NELL (*going to table C.*). For a rice pudding, stupid! I am determined not to be wasteful at the very beginning of our married career.

DICK (*sitting on lounge R. C.*). Married career! Doesn't it sound queer? Just think, Nell, we've been married more than a month.

NELL (*sitting R. at table*). More than a month, indeed! I should think it is! We've actually been married five weeks!

DICK. That's no reason why you should be sitting on that chair when there's a much softer seat here, Nell.

NELL (*rising*). Somebody might be around. Oh, yes, we did come to see the girls, didn't we? Maybe we'd better—just for appearances, you know—I'll ring for the maid. (*Rings bell on table, then sits beside DICK on lounge.*)

DICK (*putting his arm about her*). It was in this very room, Nell, that we first became friends.

NELL (*snuggling up to him*). Yes, such close friends.

DICK. And it was here that I first learned to love you.

Enter JANE R. 2 E. reading a newspaper. She sees them and stands watching them in surprise.

NELL. And where you asked me to be your wife.

DICK. And where I first kissed you. (*Kisses her.*)

JANE (*uttering a cry and averting her face*). Oh, my!

DICK (*springing up, indignantly to JANE*). Hello! Who's this?

JANE (*humbly*). Did you ring, my lady?

DICK. Did you ever see such a freak!

JANE (*walking C., melodramatically*). Hist! Speak not! The villain waits in yon room—he is mad with love for you—he bides his time—he—(*takes DICK's arm, NELL standing C. aghast*). Fly, Lord Algernon. Fly before it is too late!

DICK. I would if my flying machine hadn't broken down yesterday.

JANE (*melodramatically*). He would have your blood! Even now he plots a terrible revenge—even now, in that very room(*points R.*), where walks the specter of his murdered love, he mutters curses as he whets his blade! Fly, Lord Algernon. Fly! The coach awaits!

DICK. She means Koehler. What does he want?

JANE. Last night I heard them plot your death—at midnight in the haunted room! Your beautiful bride is to be torn from your side, while you are to be tied helpless to the railroad track! The train comes, the ground quivers, in another moment you will be a mangled corpse! (*Hides her face in anguish.*)

NELL (*affrightedly*). She frightens me, Dick. She's mad!

DICK. Wait a minute. (*Takes paper from JANE and looks at it.*) Hum! I thought so. (*Shakes JANE.*) Come back to life! Why do you read such trash as this? (*Points at paper.*)

JANE. It's a beautiful story—Golden-haired Gwendolyn, or the Shopgirl's Secret.

DICK. Charmingly alliterative.

JANE (*pointing to picture in newspaper*). There she is—Gwendolyn walking the cruel streets without shoes, food, but always pursued by the villain.

DICK (*looking at newspaper*). A regular sprint. Couldn't he ever catch up with her?

JANE. No. That's Lord Algernon there (*pointing at picture*). You look like him, except that he had a curling mustache through which his teeth gleamed like pearls.

DICK. Awfully careless of me to cut off my mustache!

JANE (*melodramatically*). Oh, he's the—

NELL (*interrupting and shaking JANE by shoulder*). Would it be too much trouble for you to tell us if anyone is at home?

JANE. Nobody. This is a deserted house—a wasteless wild—

NELL (*interrupting, severely*). That will do. Leave us!

JANE (*going to R. 2 E., turns melodramatically*). So you dared to thwart my plans, Lord Algernon! You dared to oppose my power! Now, who is victor—whose bride is she to be? (*Laughs, then exits R. 2 E.*)

NELL (*to DICK C.*). Isn't it dreadful? I must speak to the girls about this—(*loud laughter of several girls off L. U. E. Both start.*)

DICK (*sitting on lounge*). You have the chance, for they'll all be here in a minute.

Enter KATHLEEN, MARJORIE and ELSA C. D. They come down C.

ELSA (*as she comes down, points to DICK and NELL at lounge*). Well, I declare! Here are the bride and groom! (*KATHLEEN and MARJORIE laugh. The three then hum a wedding march.*)

DICK (*aside, annoyed*). Wouldn't it jar you!

KATHLEEN. What's the matter with Dick? He looks bored.

MARJORIE. He looks hen-pecked. Poor old Dick!

NELL. Never mind about Dick. He's completely subjugated.

DICK (*ruefully*). Getting married is a serious thing.

KATHLEEN. Not half so serious as not getting married.

ELSA. I don't see how a fellow ever gets sufficient courage to attempt it.

MARJORIE (*at L. C.*). Particularly when most of them haven't enough cheek to kiss a girl.

KATHLEEN (*at L. of table*). They don't need the cheek—the girl furnishes that.

DICK (*rising*). Heavens! What philosophy! Where's my hat! (*Takes it from table and runs to C. D.*) I'll have a smoke to quiet my nerves. (*Exit C. D. hastily.*)

KATHLEEN (*sitting L. at table*). I'm so glad he's gone! Come, girls.

ELSA (*sitting R. at table*). I want to tell her! (*To NELL, who is seated on lounge.*) You'll do it, Nell, won't you?

NELL (*surprised*). Do what, Elsa?

MARJORIE (*sitting at head of table, facing audience*). Just guess, Nell.

KATHLEEN. You remember Molly Bruce, the girl we rushed so violently?

NELL. 'Deed I do. What about her?

ELSA. She's matriculated here—Soph—and—

MARJORIE. We've pledged her!

KATHLEEN (*annoyed*). Now you've done it, Marjorie!

NELL (*mystified*). But when and where?

ELSA. Here, last night.

KATHLEEN (*interrupting*). Don't you talk, Elsa. I'm chairman of the Rushing Committee, and it's my place.

NELL (*impatiently*). Stop your wrangling. Tell me—

KATHLEEN (*interrupting*). Right here—last night—

ELSA (*eagerly*). We want you to take her as maid, Nell.

NELL (*astonished*). As *what*!

KATHLEEN. It's this way, Nell. She isn't to enter regular work till Thanksgiving. She's tutoring, and as we can't initiate her now, we thought it such a good chance for a lark, and decided—

ELSA (*interrupting*). That it would be just the thing for her to act as your maid during the period of—

KATHLEEN (*interrupting*). Subjugation!

NELL. But it's out of the question!

KATHLEEN. It isn't! Marion said that the Preston maid had just left, and that your hiring another wouldn't excite the least suspicion. Of course, you understand, her identity is to be known only to the Sorority girls.

MARJORIE. Mr. Preston and Dick must not even suspect.

NELL. Oh, but I *must* tell Dick!

ELSA (*protestingly*). Please, Nell—

NELL. We promised to tell each other everything. He has no secrets from me, I none from him.

KATHLEEN. Well, that's different—

ELSA (*interrupting*). You must promise, Nell! It spoils everything if you don't.

MARJORIE (*pleadingly*). Marion said it would be all right, Nell. Please, Nell, for the sake of Theta Phi!

NELL (*after a pause*). Have it so—I will!

KATHLEEN. Good! She's out there with Marie. Call them, Elsa.

ELSA (*rising and going up C.*). All right. (*Goes to C. D. and beckons off L.*)

KATHLEEN (*to NELL*). Down with the blinds, Nell.

NELL (*rising and going to window up L.*). I suppose I must. (*Draws blinds down.*)

KATHLEEN (*to MARJORIE*). Light a candle, Marje. It's ever so much more impressive.

MARJORIE (*lighting candle on table*). Isn't it lovely!

Enter MARIE and MOLLY C. D. MARIE leads MOLLY, who is blindfolded, down C. They stop before table down C. and others group themselves about the two. KATHLEEN stands with back to table, NELL and ELSA R. C. and MARJORIE L. C.

MARIE (*to KATHLEEN*). The candidate, I regret to say, is in a rebellious frame of mind. She does not comprehend the value of domestic training, nor see that the true glory of woman lies in her ability to wield a broom or flourish a dustpan.

KATHLEEN (*sternly, to MOLLY*). We trust that you realize the honor that has been conferred upon you.

MOLLY (*dubiously*). I think I'm beginning to.

KATHLEEN. And you understand that during your probation you are to serve as Mrs. Preston's maid, your identity to be known only to the Theta Phis?

MOLLY. I think my feeble intelligence has grasped that fact.

KATHLEEN. And that upon your proficiency as a domestic servant depends upon your admission to the Sorority?

MARIE (*stands in listening attitude for an instant, then runs to the window and looks off*).

MOLLY. Perfectly.

KATHLEEN. Then for two weeks you may be subject to our rules, and—

MARIE (*at window, turns and runs to others, warningly*). The men are coming!

KATHLEEN (*annoyed*). Quick! Upstairs, all of you! (*Crosses to L. 2 E.*) This way! Hurry!

MARIE takes MOLLY by the hand and leads her to L. 2 E. They, with ELSA, NELL and MARJORIE *exeunt* L. 2 E., followed by KATHLEEN. Enter DICK and JACK C. D. They come down C., looking about.

DICK (*surprised*). Hello! Where are the girls? Sit down, Jack. I'll hunt them up.

JACK (*at table*). No, don't. I want to see you alone for a minute.

DICK (*at L. of table*). Fire away, Dick.

JACK (*sitting R. of table*). It's about Palmer, our new pledge, the Princeton man.

DICK. With the bank account?

JACK. Aye, verily.

DICK. How did you get him?

JACK. Chiefly through Langham, '08, and we've been shrewd enough to keep the other frats quite unaware of his existence.

DICK (*admiringly*). Pretty work!

JACK. He's ahead of Senior work—has only one class at present, so we thought it a good stunt to put him through some antics.

DICK. How can I help you?

JACK. By taking him as a butler.

DICK (*surprised*). Butler! Good heavens, man! I couldn't. The Prestons never had a butler.

JACK. Then it's time they begin now. Every well regulated family needs a butler.

DICK. It's preposterous! Absolutely out of the question!

JACK. But it isn't. We spoke to Mr. Preston and he thought it a great joke.

DICK. I'd be obliged to tell Nell—

JACK (*interrupting*). Oh, no, you wouldn't. Understand that this is a frat affair. Nobody else must even suspect.

DICK. But Nell and I promised to tell each other everything. She has no secrets from me, I none from her.

JACK. That's quite proper, but this is different. Come, Dick, do it for the fellows.

DICK (*wavering*). It sure would be a lark.

JACK. A lark! A brace of them, my boy! Say you'll agree.

DICK (*after a pause*). Well, I will! But I won't answer for the consequences.

JACK (*rising*). We'll risk the consequences. Now, what shall I do with him? He's on my hands, you know.

DICK (*rising*). Bring him here. I'll break the news to Nell, and we'll start him going. (*Pauses in thought.*) Gosh! What will we do with him?

JACK (*going to C. D.*). All right, old chap.

DICK (*going up C. after JACK*). Here, Jack! I'll back out! I'll—

JACK. Too late, Dick. So long. (*Exit C. D.*)

Enter NELL L. 2 E. She comes C. and meets DICK, who comes down C. on seeing her.

NELL. I thought I heard your voice, Dick. I've just been arranging for a maid.

DICK (*surprised*). Maid! You mean butler.

NELL. I don't at all! The maid left yesterday and I've engaged a new one. It's my first official act since becoming head of the house, and I'm almost overcome.

DICK. Well, you're not ahead of me. I've just signed for a butler.

NELL (*amazed*). Butler! Dick, you don't mean butler!

DICK. Sure. B—u—t—l—e—r, butler. What's the use of being married if you can't have a butler? (*Struts about from R. to L.*)

NELL (*following DICK as he walks*). But Dick, the extravagance of it! Bob never had a butler.

DICK. Then Bob needs reforming! I've always dreamed of a butler, I've always lived in hopes of owning a butler, I've always vowed I'd have a butler, and a butler I will have! (*Walks excitedly.*)

NELL. But we can't afford it, Dick!

DICK (*stopping C. and taking roll of bills from pocket*). Here's scads of lucre! A hundred dollars left from our wedding trip. Can't afford a butler! Bah! (*Continues walking.*)

NELL. But we don't need—

DICK (*interrupting*). We do need—I need! I want somebody to lay out my clothes for me—to—

NELL (*interrupting triumphantly*). But a butler doesn't have anything to do with clothes. I knew you didn't understand.

DICK. Understand? I have made butlers my life study.

NELL. You act and talk strangely, Dick.

DICK (*halting C.*). Nell, this is the first favor I've asked since we were married. Let's keep him two weeks, and then—

NELL (*angrily*). I suppose I must consider the matter settled! Will you engage the valet, the chauffeur and the chef, or shall I? (*She looks at him indignantly, then exits haughtily L. 2 E.*)

DICK (*running to L. 2 E.*). Nell! She is angry, sure! Nell! Wait a minute for a fellow, can't you? (*Exit hastily L. 2 E.*)

Enter JACK and PALMER C. D. They come down C. to table.

JACK (*to PALMER*). Here you are, Palmer. Sit down and wait for Preston. You understand, I suppose, what you're to do?

PALMER (*sitting L. at table*). Very clearly. Merge my identity into that of Hawkins, the butler, until my brothers in authority see fit to release me.

JACK. That's the stuff! (*Looks at watch.*) Sorry I can't wait, but I have to meet a girl.

PALMER (*looking about*). Would you mind telling me where I am?

JACK. Most fellows find it rather a dangerous place, so look out for the inmates. (*Exit C. D.*)

PALMER (*alone*). Lunatic asylum, probably. Well, after the butler proposition I can expect anything.

Enter JANE R. 2 E. She comes C. and on seeing PALMER stops and gazes at him in strongly defined attitude of astonishment mingled with terror and surprise.

JANE (*melodramatically*). The ghost!

PALMER (*looking about*). Ghost! Where?

JANE. It walks again!

PALMER. Good! Only a temporary disablement, it seems.

JANE (*dreamily*). Ever and anon it shows the glitter of awful eyes behind its filmy veil.

PALMER. Now, Bridget, be sensible.

JANE. My lord, it is the Lady Clementina who stands before you, in all simplicity.

PALMER. There's where you've hit it!

JANE (*sadly*). Duped, betrayed, and—

PALMER (*interrupting*). Daffy! Nice girl! Too bad!

JANE. My lord!

PALMER. My lady, you see no ghost. You have an ordinary hallucination, which in itself is only the extreme of the perceptive process in which the secondary cerebral reaction is out of all normal proportion to the peripheral stimulus which occasions the activity.

JANE (*melodramatically*). Down the corridor, as dark and cold as a tomb, it glides, a candle in its wasted hands—

PALMER. Oh, a pseudo hallucination in sporadic form—

JANE (*interrupting, as she goes to table*). Are you my father's ghost?

PALMER. "Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth?" No, my lady, I'm only Hawkins, the butler, doomed for a certain time to play the fool.

JANE (*surprised*). The butler! Then you can tell me the secret of the spoons.

PALMER. No, I shouldn't like to do that.

JANE (*in tragic whisper*). You are not what you seem!

PALMER. Very few of us are.

JANE. I have pierced your disguise, Lord Montmorency!

PALMER (*starts*). Discovered! Don't give me away, please.

JANE. I must feel your arms about me! (*Goes to him.*)

PALMER (*rising*). Not on your life! (*He walks about stage, she following him step for step.*)

JANE. You have turned against me, my lord.

PALMER. That's a mistake. I'm just crazy about you! Crazy is an appropriate word.

JANE. The knife! I say, the knife! (*Looks at PALMER for moment, then exits R. 2 E. with tragic stride.*)

PALMER (*going to table*). This is a madhouse, sure! It begins to tell on my nerves. (*Loud voices offstage L. 2 E. Starting and walking toward L. 2 E.*) What's that? Somebody's coming. (*Hides behind chair down L.*)

Enter MARIE, leading MOLLY, who is still blindfolded, L. 2 E. They walk to C. slowly. PALMER watches them from his place of concealment behind chair.

MARIE (*to MOLLY*). Mr. Preston will be here in a moment. You are to wait for him. Of course, you can't go without being properly guarded, and he will see you to your destination. (*Exit C. D.*)

PALMER (*leaving hiding place and going to MOLLY C.*). Properly guarded! Another one! I wonder what Preston has to do with her?

MOLLY (*groping about at C.*). I won't stand this bandage about my eyes another minute!

PALMER (*removing bandage*). Allow me.

MOLLY (*surprised*). Mr. Preston! I didn't know you had come.

PALMER (*aside*). So I'm Preston now! It's best to humor them, I'm told.

MOLLY. Thank you so much. I don't think I need the bandage any longer.

PALMER (*bowing*). Not when it covers such eyes. (*Aside.*) So young, so exquisite, and mad!

MOLLY (*scanning PALMER closely*). You don't look a bit as I thought you would, Mr. Preston.

PALMER. Oh, I shaved my mustache off since I saw you.

MOLLY. Oh, but I never saw you—only your picture.

PALMER. Of course! It's a corking good picture.

MOLLY. They say it looks—almost intelligent, but I don't see a bit of resemblance.

PALMER. It was taken years before my marriage.

MOLLY. But I thought you had been married only a few weeks.

PALMER. Perhaps. I'd forgotten. It seemed years.

MOLLY. How strange of you to say so.

PALMER (*sighing*). Trouble has marked me for her own.

MOLLY. You look very young.

PALMER. But a youthful face may hide an aged heart.

MOLLY. How can you say such things when you have such a lovely wife?

PALMER. Don't trust Geraldine—

MOLLY (*interrupting*). Geraldine! I thought her name was Nell.

PALMER. Nell? Nell? Oh, yes! Geraldine was my first wife. I forgot. I often get the names confused.

MOLLY (*aside*). He's been drinking.

JANE (*offstage at R. 2 E., knocks at door*). I would in, Lord Montimorency.

PALMER (*sitting on table*). I would out, Lady Clementina

JANE (*offstage*). I have the knife. It is long and shining.

PALMER. Take it back to the kitchen!

MOLLY (*frightened*). How terrible! What does she mean?

PALMER. Don't be alarmed. I shall protect you.

MOLLY. But the knife! What does she want?

PALMER. Only a lock of my hair. You see, she's collecting specimens.

MOLLY (*aside, coming down L.*). I'm frightened! He's crazy; and so good looking, too. (*To PALMER.*) Why are we staying here, Mr. Preston?

PRESTON. Because we know not where to go.

MOLLY. Wouldn't you go with me?

PALMER (*enthusiastically*). To the ends of the earth!

MOLLY (*backing away from him*). You must not talk so to me. If you do, I'll call your wife.

PALMER. Call away, for I'd like to see her.

Voices heard offstage at L. 2 E., then enter NELL, followed by DICK. They come C. PALMER and MOLLY stand at R. C.

NELL (*to others*). Ah, you are here, Molly. Dick, this is our new maid. Molly, this is Mr. Preston. (*DICK and MOLLY bow.*)

MOLLY (*confused*). Mr. Preston! (*Looks at PALMER.*) And who, then, is this? Why; oh, well, oh dear! (*Shows agitation.*)

NELL (*solicitously*). Why, what is the matter, Molly?

MOLLY. Nothing.

DICK (*to NELL, pointing to PALMER*). Who is this gentleman?

NELL (*shakes head*). I'm sure I don't know.

PALMER (*bowing*). I'm Hawkins, the butler, at your service, sir.

DICK. Why, to be sure! I was on the lookout for you, Hawkins. This is our new butler, Nell. You'd both better go to our house. It's No. 8 College Row. You can't miss it. It's the large red brick with the white trimmings.

NELL. I'll be over in time to direct about dinner, Molly.

MOLLY. Yes, Mrs. Preston.

DICK. I hope you'll like your new place, Hawkins. (*All go up C.*)

PALMER. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I had my doubts at first, sir, but now I see light ahead, sir—I see light ahead. (*Exeunt with MOLLY C. D.*)

DICK (*at C. D., looking L. after them*). Gee, Nell! She's a good looker.

NELL (*coldly*). Indeed! I thought her very ordinary. Follow me, sir! (*Exit haughtily L. 2 E.*)

DICK (*going to L. 2 E.*). Gee! Nell's getting jealous! (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

Enter LOUISE and JACK C. D. They come down C.

JACK (*to LOUISE*). You won't mind waiting a few minutes, Louise? I must see Phyllis on some college business.

LOUISE (*looking about*). Not a bit. So this is the Sorority House? How attractive it is. I wonder if I know any of

the Theta Phi girls. There's Miss Lane, of course, Miss Price, Miss Knox and that bad little Freshman—

JACK (*interrupting laughingly*). Oh, you mean the Imp.

LOUISE. Yes. Good name, isn't it? Then there is the beautiful Miss Dayton.

JACK (*at L. of table*). Marion? She's Mr. Preston's ward, you know.

LOUISE. Yes, I've heard so. Mr. Preston has a great deal of confidence in her, hasn't he?

JACK. I'm proud to say he has.

LOUISE (*at R. of table*). Trusts you with legal affairs, I suppose?

JACK (*hesitatingly*). Y—e—s—

LOUISE. Tells you the contents of—of—you know, the papers; yes, the papers, for instance.

JACK. All that I'm supposed to know. Yes.

LOUISE (*laughingly*). Even confides the combination of the safe to you?

JACK. No, not that. Only one person besides himself knows that.

LOUISE. Really? Who is it?

JACK. Marion. Mr. Preston calls her the Company in the firm.

LOUISE. Mr. Preston is my lawyer, too. You didn't know that?

JACK. No.

LOUISE. He has some valuable papers of mine locked up in his safe.

JACK (*surprised*). Papers of yours?

LOUISE (*looking about, then whispering*). Hush! That's our secret—yours and mine. Don't even breathe to Mr. Preston that I told you. Promise me that you won't, Jack.

JACK. Anything you like, Louise.

LOUISE. I suppose you wonder why there's so much secrecy about this, but I can't explain it to you now. You'll trust me?

JACK (*after a pause*). Don't look at me like that, Louise. You dazzle me. (*Turns away sighingly.*)

LOUISE (*laughingly*). Foolish boy! But you'll trust me?

JACK. With my life! But why should you care for a boy like me?

LOUISE (*agitated*). Because your friendship—

JACK (*interrupting*). It's more than friendship, Louise. It's love!

LOUISE. Because, then, your love is everything to me.

Enter PHYLLIS and DOUGLAS C.D. Others start away from each other as they come down C and look disturbed.

PHYL. (*to JACK*). Waiting for me, Jack? I was slow, wasn't I? (*To LOUISE*.) How lovely to find you here, Miss Grayson. Permit me to introduce Mr. Douglas Brown.

DOUGLAS (*at L. C., bowing to LOUISE*). I'm charmed, to be sure.

LOUISE (*agitated, aside*). He here!

PHYL. We're going to have a little chafing dish stunt right away. You'll excuse Jack and me for a moment, won't you? Come, Jack, this way. (*Goes to L. 2 E.*)

JACK (*going to L. 2 E.*). All right. Chafing dish stunt goes. (*Exeunt with PHYLLIS L. 2 E.*)

DOUGLAS (*down C., to LOUISE, in whisper*). Louise! What are you doing here?

LOUISE (*at R. C.*). I might ask you the same question.

DOUGLAS. My affairs never have been of serious consequences to you.

LOUISE. Nor mine to you, I fancy.

DOUGLAS. Come to the point. I find you here under an assumed name.

LOUISE. Which fact is no more suspicious than your sudden desertion of the college you have attended for three years.

DOUGLAS (*laughingly*). That's easily explained. I'm here to watch you.

LOUISE. I am touched by such devotion. (*Sits R. at table.*)

DOUGLAS (*sits L. at table*). You understand me, I think. When you came to this college town, you knew that it was the home of my father's lawyer.

LOUISE (*laughing nervously*). I suppose I'm in for a lecture now.

DOUGLAS. You knew that the papers in Mr. Preston's custody doubtless contained a second will executed by my father. You knew that a stroke of the pen might deprive you of the wealth you have so dishonestly acquired; that fate might make me my father's heir.

LOUISE. How ridiculous!

DOUGLAS. Your schemes and wiles are beyond me, Louise. I only know that your presence here bodes me no good, and that you intend to do me mischief.

LOUISE (*laughingly*). Really?

DOUGLAS (*emphatically*). But I warn you that I intend to stand my ground here, first, last and all the time!

LOUISE (*suddenly indignant*). How dare you say such things to me?

DOUGLAS. How dare I? Bah! Your mother and you entered my father's house only to destroy its peace! You poisoned my father's mind against me, and as a result he cast me off without a penny.

LOUISE. We could not help the disposal by your father of his money.

DOUGLAS (*contemptuously*). Money! Have I any reason to love or to covet it? Has it brought me anything but hardship, sorrow and biting heartache? Thank God! I made no God of it, but I learned to battle against the world—to trust to my strong arm! It has made a man of me!

LOUISE. If money is no consideration, why should you trouble yourself about the will?

DOUGLAS. For a reason that you cannot understand! I loved my father—he loved me! He trusted me—once. I shall be true to that love and trust, true to his memory, acquiescent to his wishes! Whether I share in his estate or not, I shall guard his interests, as he would wish me to do were he alive!

LOUISE (*pleadingly*). Can there never be friendship between us, Douglas?

DOUGLAS. Friendship must be based upon respect.

LOUISE. If you only were not so cold, cruel—if you cared for me—

DOUGLAS (*interrupting*). Care for you! In spite of you, in spite of your mother, I have not lost my faith in woman; but if love comes to me, it must be without guile, without selfishness, without duplicity!

LOUISE (*angrily*). Then I warn you, Douglas Brown—

DOUGLAS (*laughingly*). You threaten me? Well, we understand each other now! Put your cleverness and charm to their best use; but remember! This time you are not duping an old man, but dealing with the strength of his son, a strength that has been embittered by the past, that is invigorated by the present, that will have its own reward in the future!

Loud shouting offstage L. U. E., then enter JACK and PHYLLIS L. 2 E. They come C. to table.

PHYL. We finished our business just in time. The crowd is returning from football practice. (*Goes to DOUGLAS L. at table.*) Aren't you glad you've met them all, Douglas?

DOUGLAS. Delighted. (*They confer aside.*)

JACK (*goes to LOUISE R. at table. They confer aside.*)

Enter IMP, TED, EMILY and POLLY C. D., followed immediately by MARION and PRESTON.

IMP (*sings*). Scrub he was,
 Captain he is—
 Coach he shall be,
 Hail, all hail!

IMP, EMILY, POLLY, MARION and PRESTON *clasp hands and dance around TED. Enter DICK, NELL, KATHLEEN, ELSA, MARIE and MARJORIE C. D. They join others in singing, "Cheer, cheer," etc. One of the number goes to piano up R. and plays a two-step, in which dance they all engage. There is much hilarity, college yells, remarks, etc.*

MARION (*getting upon table and waving college colors*). Friends, fellows and football players, lend me your ears!

ALL (*in a voice*). Hear! Hear! (*All group themselves upstage in semi-circle and watch MARION.*)

MARION (*oratorically*). We are not met today to exalt your names to the stars, to extol your prowess because you have won first place in bar examination, nine times out of ten.

ALL (*in a voice*). Hurrah!

MARION (*resuming*). No; we have gathered together, rather to conquer the conquerors, to be victors over the victorious, to win out over the winners, for we seek the conquest of your hearts!

ALL (*together*). Hurrah!

MARION. How shall we do it? By flirtation? No. Flirtation is too temporary a thing. By flattery? No; it is too superficial. By force? No; force is not the weapon of the college girl. How, then, shall we accomplish this subjugation? Even as I ask the question, the voices of the past thunder the reply, "Feed the brutes!"

ALL (*shouting wildly together*). Hurrah!

MARION (*when applause has subsided*). Now, will the young gentlemen march quietly out and arm themselves with chafing dishes? And will the young ladies be responsible for all necessary culinary implements? Along with you! Help me down, somebody. (PRESTON *helps* MARION *off the table amid applause*. Then all except PHYLLIS and DOUGLAS *exeunt noisily* L. 2 E. PHYLLIS *sits* R. *at table* and DOUGLAS *sits opposite*.)

PHYL. (*to DOUGLAS*). We're a noisy lot, Mr. Brown. You see, we're football mad. You must see our trophies some day.

DOUGLAS. I shall be pleased to, I assure you. Football is the greatest game on earth.

PHYL. Then why don't you play?

DOUGLAS. Because I'm here for other reasons. My loyalty is with another college, and a half-hearted allegiance would be unfair to your institution.

PHYL. Unfair?

DOUGLAS. Surely, unless I could give the very best that is in me.

PHYL. And why could you not? Are you any the less loyal to your own Alma Mater because you fight under our flag? Do you not see our needs? Cannot you give your help? Won't you love this college? It's yours now, you know. We want you on the team.

DOUGLAS (*meditatively*). Ah, the glory of it! The struggle, the knowledge that you are helping to win; that you're part of it, that you're doing your share. (*Pauses.*)

PHYL. (*eagerly*). Yes, yes!

DOUGLAS. That the shouting is for you, the singing, the uproar, all for you! That the fair fame of your college lies with you—your love, your faith, and your loyalty!

College song is sung softly, offstage L., continuing to end of act. All join in.

PHYL. Listen! The college calls you! Won't you come?

DOUGLAS (*after pause, takes her hand across table*). And if I do; if I promise to battle with the team, what of you?

PHYL. (*agitated*). Of me?

DOUGLAS (*rising and crossing R. to PHYLLIS*). Will you let me fight—fight for you? (*Leans over her.*)

PHYL. (*agitated*). I will! Oh, I will!

DOUGLAS. Then I'll play!

Enter everybody, singing the college song. They arrange themselves across upstage in semi-circle, watching DOUGLAS and PHYLLIS, who stand down C., back of table.

PHYL. (*excitedly to others*). Stop singing! (*Song ceases.*) Let us all rejoice! The gods have smiled upon us—Douglas Brown will play!

DOUGLAS and PHYLLIS stand down C., hand in hand. Others continue to sing, while the boys shout and throw up hats and caper about madly until—

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *The Preston library, full stage. Furnishings rich and tasty. Practical door R. C., L. U. E. and R. 2 E. Library table with four chairs R. C. and small serving table, on which are dishes, chafing dish, teapot, etc., near by. Piano next to door in flat L. C. Palms here and there. These are not essential. If not easily procurable, may be omitted. Practical window with curtains L. C. Lounge down L. Pictures on walls and rugs on floor. Small safe L. 2 E. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

At rise discovered ROBERT, MARION, NELL and DICK at table R. C. PALMER in role of butler is serving party. Scene well illuminated.

MARION (*at head of table, facing audience, to ROBERT*). No, Bob, we couldn't have the table in the dining-room as we are using it for the dancing. I think this is great sport. Just like a picnic lunch.

NELL (*sitting L. at table*). Now, don't eat too much. It's dreadfully late and the guests will be coming soon.

DICK (*sitting at foot of table, with back to audience*). Don't eat much! I don't see much to eat! (*Calls to PALMER.*) Hawkins! Some coffee.

PALMER (*at serving table, coming to table with coffeepot*).

NELL (*taking cup from DICK*). No, Dick, you shall have no more coffee. It's bad for your nerves.

DICK (*protestingly*). Oh, come now, Nell! A fellow needs some sort of stimulant to endure the strain of a mask ball. Let's have that coffee, Hawkins. (*Holds up cup.*)

NELL (*to PALMER*). You need not trouble with the coffee, Hawkins. Give me the pot.

PALMER (*giving NELL coffeepot*).

NELL (*looking into the pot*). It's all gone.

DICK (*to PALMER*). Try the kitchen for more, Hawkins.

PALMER (*going to R. 2 E.*)

NELL (*to PALMER*). No, Hawkins, you need not try the kitchen.

PALMER (*halts irresolutely at serving table*).

DICK (*rises and goes to PALMER, aside to him*). You trot that coffeepot to the kitchen, Hawkins. You'd better do as I say, or—well, you know. (*Looks significantly at PALMER.*)

PALMER (*after thoughtful pause. Exit R. 2 E.*).

ROBERT (*laughingly*). Well, that's rich!

NELL (*indignantly*). I never saw such absolute defiance of my authority. And before a servant, too! I don't see anything to laugh at, Bob!

DICK (*sitting down at foot of table*). No, this is a crying matter, Bob. Don't forget that—a crying matter!

NELL (*angrily*). Really, the way you descend to the level of the butler is disgusting.

DICK. Isn't he a good butler, perfect in every way?

NELL. He is too perfect. He gives me the creeps.

DICK. You can't find a single thing against him.

NELL. Yes, I can. He flirts with the maid!

DICK (*laughingly*). That's nothing. Every man does that when he has the chance.

NELL. I won't have that man—

DICK (*interrupting*). Now, Nell, go slowly. That man, as you call him, has a perfect right to flirt with Molly if she encourages him.

NELL. Oh, but she never would—

DICK (*interrupting*). Oh, wouldn't she! I know what I'm talking about.

ROBERT. Come, this butler seems to be the rock on which the matrimonial ship is prone to split.

MARION. I don't think he is a butler. In fact, I know he isn't!

DICK (*surprised*). How do you know? Who told you?

MARION (*insinuatingly*). Then—he isn't? And you know?

DICK (*confused*). Did I say I knew anything?

MARION (*in low voice*). Last night I was studying until late. I heard three peculiar whistles. I put out my lights,

looked through the window and distinctly saw Hawkins join several men in the yard.

NELL (*excitedly*). Then he isn't what he is—I knew it!

Enter PALMER R. 2 E. with coffeepot. He stands at serving table and listens unseen.

DICK (*disgustedly*). Of course, you knew it all the time!

NELL (*affrightedly*). I know we shall all be murdered in our beds, or this man will get away with our wedding presents.

PALMER (*drops cup. All start. Goes to table and prepares to serve others with coffee*).

NELL (*confused*). I was speaking of wedding presents, I believe. (*To PALMER, who holds coffeepot towards her.*) No, Hawkins, I don't want any coffee. That reminds me, Dick. Mr. Jones is coming tonight.

PALMER (*still stands by gesticulating*).

NELL (*coldly*). No! Fill Mr. Preston's cup, since he must have it.

PALMER (*filling DICK's cup*).

NELL. We must put that awful rug he gave us in plain sight. It's up in the sewing room.

Enter MOLLY L. U. E. She comes down L.

MOLLY (*to NELL*). Please, Mrs. Preston, the musicians have come.

NELL (*rising*). I must hurry. Molly, you may help Hawkins clear the table. Punch will be served here later on. (*To others.*) Pardon me, but I must be going. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

DICK (*rising and following NELL*). I'll have to look after those musicians. See you later, folks. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

MARION (*rising*). We might as well try that two-step before the crowd arrives, Bob.

ROBERT (*rising*). I'll be pleased to try it with you, Marion. (*Exeunt with MARION L. U. E.*)

MOLLY (*sitting L. at table*). I think I'll help a lot more by just looking at you, Hawkins.

PALMER (*taking up dishes*). Very well. I'm liable to drop from heart failure any minute.

MOLLY. Due to the work, I suppose?

PALMER. Rather to being worked.

MOLLY (*sighingly*). Oh, I'm so tired of work! I never want to see a feather duster again as long as I live.

PALMER. But Carlyle says, "An endless significance lies in work; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

MOLLY (*suspiciously*). What do you know about Carlyle?

PALMER. Why, that quotation happened to be our class motto once.

MOLLY (*surprised*). Class motto?

PALMER (*starting*). Yes, of course—the Butler Training School. Never heard of it? (*Removes crumbs from table.*)

MOLLY. Hawkins, do you always tell the truth?

PALMER. Always, Molly, except when I don't.

MOLLY. I don't believe you're a butler any more than I'm a maid—

PALMER (*interrupting*). Oh, then you're not a maid?

MOLLY (*confused*). I meant to say that this is the first time I have ever done second work.

PALMER (*laughingly*). Are your fingers crossed?

MOLLY. Maybe you are butlering for sociological reasons?

PALMER. Now, what do you know about sociology?

MOLLY. Why, it is required in the curriculum of the Preparatory School for Domestics, of which I was the star student.

PALMER. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are."

MOLLY (*leaning forward on table*). What do you think of me anyway?

PALMER (*leaning toward her on table*). Think about you, Molly? Do you dare me to tell you?

MOLLY (*confused*). Don't you dare tell me, Hawkins! I don't want you to tell me! I don't want to know. (*Rises.*)

PALMER (*rising and taking hold of tablecloth, which he folds up, MOLLY taking hold of the other end*). Then you don't care whether I chuck my job or not.

MOLLY. You're not thinking of leaving?

PALMER. Butlering isn't what it is cracked up to be.

MOLLY. Aren't you satisfactory, or satisfied?

PALMER. What I've broken amounts to more than my wages, so I can't conscientiously stay without asking for a raise.

MOLLY. Won't I see you again?

PALMER. As often as you have a night off.

MOLLY. Night off! Why, oh, I won't be here long! In fact, my two weeks are just up. (*They come to the last fold in the cloth and PALMER catches hold of her hands and looks steadily at her.*)

PALMER. Your two weeks?

MOLLY (*struggling in confusion*). Let go my hands, Hawkins! Stop looking at me so! (*Breaks away from him.*) Let's finish with this. You take the tray and I will follow with the coffeepot.

Exit PALMER with tray R. 2 E. MOLLY stands at door.

MOLLY (*alone*). Molly Bruce! To think that you would ever fall in love with a butler.

Enter PALMER R. 2 E. He stands behind MOLLY.

PALMER (*aside*). She loves me!

MOLLY (*aside*). To think that I should be so taken in. (*Turns and rushes into PALMER's arms.*)

Enter DICK L. U. E. He stands and watches them.

PALMER (*as he embraces MOLLY*). Taken in is good!

MOLLY (*making no effort to release herself*). Don't you think, Hawkins, the coffeepot ought to be taken—out?

DICK (*coming C*). Perhaps I can assist you. (*PALMER and MOLLY separate in confusion. Laughingly*). Pardon me for interrupting you, but Mrs. Preston desires to see Molly. (*To PALMER.*) I wish to have a heart to heart talk with you, Hawkins.

MOLLY (*aside, as she goes to L. U. E.*). Isn't it terrible! (*Stands at entrance and listens.*)

DICK (*at C., taking PALMER's hand*). You're a brick, old fellow! Your record as a butler has been exemplary.

PALMER (*confused*). Thank you, sir.

DICK. And the Kappa Beta Sigma's have instructed me to declare your servitude ended. I hereby adorn you with the button that proclaims you no longer the Preston butler, but the pledge of Kappa Beta Sigma. (*Places button in PALMER's coat lapel.*)

PALMER. Gee, but I'm glad! I'd do most anything to make the frat, Preston, but this butler job would surely have proved my finish, had it not been for—

DICK (*interrupting, laughingly*). The maid! I understand. (*Exit MOLLY L. U. E., shaking finger.*) Sorry you can't splurge your colors at the dance tonight, but we'll show you off at the game tomorrow.

Exeunt DICK and PALMER R. 2 E. Enter ROBERT L. U. E.

ROBERT (*as he comes C.*). So tomorrow the packet is to be opened. (*Takes letter from his pocket and looks at it closely.*) My correspondent informs me that the daughter is away and that the mother has departed suddenly. That is significant, and I think it will not be amiss to take suitable precautions. (*Goes to safe at L. 2 E., opens door, takes packet from it, places it in his pocket and then substitutes another packet for it in the safe, after which he closes door and turns combination.*)

Enter MARION L. U. E. She sees ROBERT at safe and watches.

MARION. Why, Bob! That isn't playing fair. You promised that you wouldn't even think of business on this, my eighteenth birthday.

ROBERT. The princess has only to command.

MARION. Then, will you be her prince?

ROBERT. Her prince? The prince should be gay, handsome, young. I'm better as the Lord Chamberlain.

MARION (*protestingly*). Oh, Bob, why do you persist in talking so? You know that it troubles me.

ROBERT (*gayly*). Then not a word more to mar your happiness! You've not even asked me how I liked your gown.

MARION (*removing mask*). Do you like it? Would you know me anywhere even with this mask over my eyes?

ROBERT. Anywhere, Marion. There's nobody like you.

MARION. And incidentally, there's no other dress like mine.

ROBERT. Even if there was, I'd know you.

MARION (*roguishly*). I might test you beautifully.

ROBERT. How?

MARION. Why, I might ask you to whisper the combination of the safe. If you really knew me, you wouldn't hesitate, would you?

ROBERT. Surely not, my birthday lady.

MARION (*seriously*). I won't joke any more now. I'll be serious.

ROBERT (*laughingly*). Serious, with a gay mask ball to start you toward the next milestone? (*They sit on lounge L. 2 E.*)

MARION. A mask ball! Bob, think how symbolical it is. All my life I've been care free, so happy, so frank, so open minded in everything. Not a thought, not an impulse to be hidden. But now I'm eighteen. I'm older, wiser, and I must wear the mask. If I suffer, no one must suspect. If I dream, no one must share it. If I love, he must never know.

ROBERT. It's the same old story, Marion—hearts and masks. And it ever will be so. The mask of friendship for enmity, of charity for hatred, of love for selfishness.

MARION. But yet, there are the helping masks. What would we do without them? For our tenderest thoughts, our sweetest dreams, our noblest aspirations are not for the world to read, but only for—the other!

ROBERT (*wonderingly*). The other?

MARION (*after a pause*). Oh, Bob, I can't explain! Perhaps, some day, when I'm old and peaceful, when the masks are away forever, you'll understand. For then, dear Bob, I'll be living in the garden of memories.

ROBERT. The garden of memories! Ah, child, many of us have planted the passion flower of ideals to have it yield

us only bare and leafless stalks! Many of us have tenderly laid the seeds of heartsease to realize only the bitterness of rue. Many of us have tended the beautiful blossoms of our heart's best love to find in its fruition the mockery of thorns!

MARION. But I have planted my flower, Bob. It's my love and faith in you. Its roots are deep; dear Bob; its stalk is sturdy; its blossom perfect. It's my flower, and no one can take it from me.

ROBERT (*meditatively*). I, too, have my perfect rose. It was a wee bud when I first began to care for it; but it has grown and strengthened. One by one the petals have been folded back; the golden heart has been opened to the sun, and my rose has bloomed!

MARION. Dear Bob—(*they rise and walk slowly to L. U. E.*)

ROBERT (*interrupting*). And even when the flower itself is mine no longer, the elfin spirit of the rose will be with me, with its sunny hair, its eyes of blue, its heart of gold!

MARION (*with emotion*). Oh, Bob! I'm almost crying! It's all so strange, so new, so mysterious! Won't you give me a birthday wish before you send me out into the future?

ROBERT. Ah, Marion, in the new land of the days to come, may you find your heart's desire—at the end of the rainbow!

MARION (*taking his hand, at L. U. E.*). At the end of the rainbow!

Exeunt MARION and ROBERT, *hand in hand, L. U. E. Enter* LOUISE, *in black domino, and* MRS. BROWN, *R. C. They come down C., looking about.*

LOUISE (*at R. of table*). Come, we may talk here. Why did you take such a risk tonight, of all nights?

MRS. B. I left home several days ago. My train tonight was late, but it was imperative that I should see you and I came directly here. (*Sits L. at table.*) Tell me, what have you accomplished?

LOUISE. Nothing! Give me time, mother!

MRS. B. Give you time! How have you been spending these days, when all the time I have been plotting and planning. Idling, I suppose.

LOUISE (*indignantly*). Hush! You shall not say such things to me!

MRS. B. Come to the point! The packet is to be opened tomorrow. Whatever we do, must be done tonight!

LOUISE. I have planned for tonight. (*Throws back her domino.*) See, my costume is the counterpart of Miss Dayton's. She alone knows the combination of the safe. I am trusting that our identities may be confused. Let me think! I shall find a way to get the combination; never fear!

MRS. B. If the will is not in the packet, re-seal and return it to the safe before morning. I must trust to your cleverness for that.

LOUISE. And if there be a will?

MRS. B. Acknowledging Douglas as heir? A gust of wind might blow it away, a careless gesture bring it too near the fire, and who would be the wiser? But the other papers must be returned to the safe. You understand?

LOUISE. But if I fail?

MRS. B. (*annoyed*). You must not think of failure!

LOUISE (*terrified*). Oh, I'm frightened! I wish I had never promised. If anything should happen to me!

MRS. B. What could happen?

LOUISE. Douglas suspects me.

MRS. B. (*laughing disdainfully*). Douglas! We tricked him once, and can do it again!

LOUISE. But it's different now. He frightens me.

MRS. B. This is ridiculous! What is likely to happen if we do not take this risk? Genteel poverty, threadbare clothes, made-over hats, street cars instead of automobiles, work instead of pleasure! The picture does not suit your fancy, evidently. Well, it rests with you to change it.

LOUISE (*rising and going to L. U. E., then returning quickly*). Hush! Someone is coming! You must not be seen here. Come this way.

MRS. B. (*rising and going to R. 2 E.*). Be cautious, Louise.

LOUISE. Trust to me, mother. Follow the hall there. It leads to a side entrance. You cannot make a mistake. (*Thrusts MRS. B. off R. 2 E., then runs to piano, her eyes fixed upon L. U. E.*)

Enter ROBERT L. U. E. He comes down C. to table. LOUISE runs to L. U. E., throws off her domino and puts on her mask.

LOUISE (*to ROBERT, calling laughingly*). Bob!

ROBERT (*turning in astonishment*). Marion! Why, I saw you dancing just now.

LOUISE (*dancing down stage toward him*). I'm everywhere tonight! I'm a witch, a fairy, anything you please! (*Sidles up close to him.*) If I were to tell you I'm not Marion, you wouldn't believe me?

ROBERT (*laughingly*). Certainly not, you witch!

LOUISE. And if I deny it?

ROBERT. I challenge you!

LOUISE. Then who am I, Bob? Who am I?

ROBERT (*putting arm about her shoulder*). My Marion!

LOUISE. Then, if you are so sure of it, it's perfectly right for you to whisper the combination of the safe to me.

ROBERT (*starts, then laughs*). So this was the test you spoke of, Marion? Well, here it is. (*He whispers a few words in her ear.*)

LOUISE. You have done well, Bob. Shall I whisper it back to you? (*She whispers in his ear.*) Have I said it correctly?

ROBERT. You did not miss a single number.

LOUISE (*dancing about*). Isn't it fun to have a secret all to ourselves? I must go now, Bob. Turn your face while I vanish. (*As he turns his back she takes up her domino and throws it out of door at L. U. E.*) Now you may look again, Bob. I'm a witch, a fairy, I'm gone! (*Exit L. U. E.*)

ROBERT (*alone*). Dear Marion! Strange that she should have asked me for that combination. I wonder what her purpose could have been? (*Sighs.*) Well, it's hard to make her out, and yet I fancy I love her and she—she? (*Exit sighingly R. 2 E.*)

Enter IMP L. U. E., and a moment later PHYLLIS, unmasked, R. C. PHYLLIS is disturbed.

PHYL. (*to IMP*). Will you do me a favor, Imp?

IMP (*with foot on chair R. at table, tying her shoe laces*). What do I get out of it, Phyl?

PHYL. Will a box of candy do?

IMP. How big?

PHYL. A pound.

IMP. Chocolates?

PHYL. Yes.

IMP. What else?

PHYL. (*indignantly*). You mercenary wretch! Isn't that enough?

IMP. Will you answer the telephone for a month?

PHYL. (*impatiently*). Yes; anything you wish.

IMP. All right. What is it you want me to do?

PHYL. (*whispering*). Listen. Douglas is coming over tonight. He's outside now.

IMP (*disgustedly*). Why, this is treason! The big game comes off tomorrow and Koehler is keeping the men close.

PHYL. Well, he's coming just the same. He's got to get the outline of the psychology lecture, which he missed.

IMP. You can't stuff me, Phyl, even if I am a Freshman.

PHYL. Really, there's a quiz Monday, and he's got to have it!

IMP. And he's coming over here to get it?

PHYL. (*impatiently*). Yes, yes!

IMP. For a person who doesn't know how to flirt, Phyl Lane, you make a pretty good stab at it.

PHYL. I'm to meet him here.

IMP. But where do I come in?

PHYL. You don't come in—you stay out!

IMP. (*turning up her nose*). Humph!

PHYL. You must warn us if anybody approaches. It would be dreadful for him to be discovered.

IMP. It is perfectly dreadful for him to come at all, and the big game to come off tomorrow. (*Goes to L. U. E., stops*

and turns.) Look here, Phyl! I won't promise unless you agree to sweep the Lodge all this month.

PHYL. (*impatiently*). Yes, I agree!

DOUGLAS (*offstage at R. C., knocks three times.*)

PHYL. There he is! Run along, Imp! (*Goes to R. C.*)

IMP (*at L. U. E.*). May the patron saint of imbeciles catch me, if ever I lose my mind over a mere man! (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Enter DOUGLAS R. C. PHYLLIS closes door after him.

PHYL. (*as they come down C.*) Oh, Douglas, I'm scared! Just suppose Koehler—oh, dear! Perhaps you shouldn't have come. (*She sits R. at table.*)

DOUGLAS (*sits L. at table*). Nonsense! I'll be back in half an hour, and no one will be the wiser.

PHYL. But it's dangerous, isn't it? (*Takes book from table.*)

DOUGLAS (*laughingly*). A little, of course. Why, Phyl, I'd risk a dozen Koehlers just to see you!

PHYL. (*playing with book*). Would you, really? (*She drops book and DOUGLAS snatches for it as she leans forward. They bump their heads.*) Oh, I see stars!

DOUGLAS (*rubbing his head*). And I see constellations, moons and crescents.

PHYL. (*taking up book*). Let us get down to business. The first point was, "Every state tends to be a part of a personal consciousness." (*Holds up mask suddenly*). Would you know me with this on, Douglas?

DOUGLAS (*changing his seat to chair at end of table*). Know you? Do you think that any disguise could hide you from me?

PHYL. We are neglecting our work. "Every state tends to be—" Oh, Douglas, do you like my dress?

DOUGLAS. Look in my eyes and see.

PHYL. (*confused*). Now, where were we? Oh, yes. Did you get that first point?

DOUGLAS. I'd get it much better if you'd let me hold your hands. You know Dr. Smith (*name local instructor of*

prominence) always advocates it as a means of thought transference.

PHYL. Does he, honest?

DOUGLAS. Of course. That's why people always hold each others' hands at spiritualistic seances.

PHYL. (*reluctantly giving her hand to DOUGLAS*). Oh, I see! Now, he reduces everything to this: "Absolute insulation, irreducible pluralism. Neither contemporaneity nor proximity in space, nor similarity of quality are able to fuse thoughts which are sundered by the barrier of belonging to different personal minds." (*After a pause.*) Why don't you say something?

DOUGLAS (*caressing her hand*). Say something! Heavens! What have you left for me to say?

PHYL. Aren't you interested?

DOUGLAS. I'm simply thunderstruck with interest.

PHYL. We'd better go on to the next point. (*Reads.*) "Within each personal consciousness—" (*suddenly*) Is your cough better, Douglas?

DOUGLAS (*rapturously*). Do you care, Phyl?

PHYL. (*with dignity*). As I was saying, when you interrupted, "Within each personal consciousness, states are always changing—"

DOUGLAS (*interrupting*). Then if they're constantly changing, why should we bother with them? Come, now, Phyl. You don't care, I don't care, and here goes. (*He throws book upstage.*) Why should we trouble when we're young, when we're gay, when there's a game tomorrow!

PHYL. Oh, the game, the game! How we shall yell for you, sing for you, glory in you!

DOUGLAS. And how we shall play, and fight, tumble and twist!

PHYL. Everybody shouting, singing and waving colors!

DOUGLAS. A writhing mass of arms and legs and hair, all tangled!

PHYL. And then a figure with the pigskin will dash out, pushing, hammering, dodging, going on, on, until he's between the goal posts! And it will be Douglas, Douglas!

DOUGLAS. Oh, I'll play as I never played before! I'll struggle as I've never dreamed of struggling! I'll help to win, Phyl! To win! (*Puts arm about PHYLLIS.*) And it will be for you, sweetheart, all for you!

Enter IMP L. U. E. She sees them, turns with a cough and comes down C.

IMP. Watch out! Somebody's coming! (*They separate in confusion.*) Don't come in until you hear me say 'rah,' three times. (*To DOUGLAS.*) Move out of this.

DOUGLAS (*to PHYLLIS*). Good-bye! (*Exit hastily R. C.*)

IMP. 'Rah, rah, rah!

Enter PALMER L. U. E. with punch bowl. As he goes to table PHYLLIS exits L. U. E., followed by IMP. Enter MOLLY R. 2 E. She comes C.

PALMER (*as he puts punch bowl on table, to MOLLY*). Why that far-away look, my gypsy queen? Are you seeing things?

MOLLY. Come, cross my hand with silver, and I'll look into the future, my lord.

PALMER (*giving her his hand*). I'd do most anything, Molly, to have you hold my hand.

MOLLY (*looking at his hand*). The sensation ought not to be an unusual one to you with all your experience.

PALMER. Play ball.

MOLLY (*as she looks at his hand*). Have you a microscope?

PALMER. What on earth do you want with a microscope?

MOLLY. I thought it might enable me to find the head line. It is very faint.

PALMER. Well, I like that!

MOLLY. It is all heart line here. I wonder why?

PALMER. Don't bother about a little thing like that.

MOLLY. Your life line stops short—it means you won't live long.

PALMER. I don't expect to. The good die young, you know.

MOLLY. Oh, no, Hawkins. The young die good; so either way, I won't worry. (*Drops his hand.*)

PALMER. See here, Molly. Unless you hold my hand, I won't let you tell my fortune.

MOLLY (*taking his hand again*). Oh, now I see something that will please you—a girl!

PALMER (*eagerly*). What does she look like?

MOLLY. Tall, blond, and—

PALMER. You're color blind, Molly. Look again.

MOLLY (*scanning his hand*). She is blond, terribly blond!

PALMER. You're wrong. Her hair is dark.

MOLLY. Why, so it is! Since I last looked, she has used a twenty-five-cent bottle with wondrous effect.

PALMER. Now, weren't you mistaken about her being tall?

MOLLY. How stupid of me! She is small. I wonder what is the matter with me?

PALMER. Seeing double, that's all. It will happen.

MOLLY. I see here a lot of criss-cross lines. They mean hidden identity.

PALMER. How strange!

MOLLY (*sternly*). Aren't you really a butler?

PALMER. I surely am—at present.

MOLLY. But your palm says not.

PALMER. Molly, this disregard for truth is the great sin of the modern age.

MOLLY (*looking closely at his hand*). I see—a college, a lot of men, and—and a goat!

PALMER. What the deuce is he trying to butt in for?

MOLLY. I see nothing but mystery—mystery, everywhere!

PALMER. You're a mystery.

MOLLY. You're a mystery.

PALMER. Then we both are mysteries.

MARJORIE, MARIE and others talk volubly offstage L. U. E. PALMER hides behind piano upstage. Then enter MARJORIE, MARIE and five or six maskers, who come down C. and surround MOLLY.

MARJORIE. Is the candidate willing to change this period of domestic bliss for the larger life of the Sorority?

MOLLY (*fervently*). I am!

MARIE. Oh, Molly, you've been such a dear, and we're very proud of you! Tomorrow you'll be no longer the maid, but Theta Phi's very own pledge!

All circle around her, singing, "You must be a good Theta Phi." They then exeunt two by two, except MOLLY. Enter IMP L. U. E., after they have passed out, and unseen by MOLLY or PALMER, sits on lounge and, yawning, apparently falls asleep. PALMER comes down C. to MOLLY.

MOLLY (to PALMER). You heard—you understand?

PALMER (laughingly). I understand. You are not the maid.

MOLLY. And you're not the butler.

PALMER. And, no Thursday nights off?

MOLLY. But I'll see you—again.

PALMER. Isn't it jolly?

They look at each other for an instant, then laugh and exit L. U. E. Enter JACK and LOUISE L. U. E. They come C.

JACK. Here we are, Marion. Now, what was it you wanted of me?

LOUISE. I just wanted you to help me find a certain paper that Bob wants.

JACK. I can't understand why Bob should choose this time to—

LOUISE (interrupting). Oh, he's deep in some legal question. Do you want to see me open the safe, Jack? (*Kneels before safe.*)

JACK. Of course it's no affair of mine. Strange how alike you and Miss Grayson appear tonight.

LOUISE (as she works with knob of safe). Isn't it, Jack? She has a long black domino and hood, and was in the conservatory as we passed. She is a wonderful girl in many respects, is Miss Grayson. (*Opens door of safe.*) Here we are, Jack. What a queer little place it is.

JACK. You'll find some papers in the little drawer, Marion. I'll help you. (*Kneels down and goes over papers.*)

LOUISE (*taking up packet*). This must be the packet Bob wants. (*Goes to table, lifts her mask for an instant as she examines packet.*)

IMP (*awakening and looking at LOUISE, aside*). Good heavens! It's Miss Grayson!

LOUISE (*thrusting packet beneath her dress*). I have it at last! (*She creeps upstage to R. C., drops handkerchief and exits, followed by IMP after picking up handkerchief.*)

JACK (*working at safe*). Think you'll find the papers all right, Marion.

Enter MARION L. U. E. She comes down L. and shows surprise when she sees JACK at safe.

MARION (*to JACK*). What does this mean, Jack?—

JACK (*looking up*). Shall I close the safe, Marion?

MARION (*tearfully, as she places hands on JACK's shoulder*). Jack! How could you? Oh, how could you?

JACK (*astonished*). What in the world do you mean, Marion? I don't understand.

MARION (*pleadingly*). It isn't too late, Jack! Put it all back, or wait, there is money here in my own drawer. Hurry, hurry! No one shall ever know. (*Kneels down at safe beside JACK.*)

Enter ROBERT L. U. E. He comes down L. and starts upon seeing MARION and JACK on their knees.

JACK (*amazed*). I don't know what you're talking about, Marion!

ROBERT. Jack!

JACK (*rising, abashed*). Bob!

ROBERT (*sternly*). And this is the reward for my faith in you, Jack, to find you here—a thief!

JACK (*hotly*). I am no thief!

MARION (*springing between them at C.*). Bob! You must not speak to Jack so, for it is my fault!

ROBERT. Your fault!

MARION (*chokingly*). I opened the safe and I—I forced him to help me seek what I wanted. (*Hides face in her hands.*)

JACK (*going to R. C., aside*). There's a mystery here, and I shall unravel it! (*Exit R. C.*)

ROBERT. I do not know why you did this, Marion. But why did not you trust me, give me back my faith—my love!

MARION (*emotion*). Love!

ROBERT. Yes, love; for I love you, Marion.

MARION (*softly*). You love me, Bob—love me? (*Then suddenly.*) But you must not—you must not—for—I have not kept your faith—I have betrayed your confidence. For—I'm eighteen—the money's all mine—the stocks and bonds—all mine—and I couldn't wait. I wanted to hold them—to feel that they're my own—to dream of all they'll purchase—jewels—laces—the beautiful things that a girl must have. Oh, it's the money, Bob, the money! It's the pot of gold that I want—the pot of gold—at the end of the rainbow! (*She falls weeping at table, ROBERT standing over her, until—*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE: *Interior of Athletic Club, in 3. Place may be rough looking and furniture should be plain and simple. College colors tacked to walls here and there. Boxing gloves hang to wall R. of C. D. Chair down R. Rough table and two chairs well down stage L. C. Lounge up L. Large open doorway C., through which a landscape view is had, showing a ball field or parade ground. Practical door L. 2 E. Another door R. U. E. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

Just before rise, a college song is sung, and as curtain rises, all join in a college yell. Scene grows animated, students rushing R. and L. back of entrance. Horns are blown and noise making instrument utilized. Discovered NELL, DICK, JACK, POLLY, ELSA, IMP, MARJORIE, MOLLY, EMILY, KATHLEEN, MOLLY and STANLEY, moving about stage near door, chatting and laughing. A moment after rise, enter PHYLLIS and DOUGLAS, the latter wearing a football suit.

DOUGLAS (*to PHYLLIS, as they come down C.*). Did you see it, Phyl? Only two yards to gain, the goal in sight, and then that wretched fumble? (*Disgustedly.*) It's enough to drive one mad!

PHYL. (*soothingly*). You must not lose courage, Douglas. There's the second half yet. We've only four points against us, and we'll win—we've got to win!

DOUGLAS (*desperately*). But to think I have not helped the team to gain a yard! I've failed, that's all. I've failed!

PHYL. (*taking his hand*). You haven't, Douglas! You had no help, no opportunity.

DOUGLAS. How can you have faith in me, when I've made no play for you—won no victory for you?

PHYL. But you will, Douglas. You will!

DOUGLAS. But if we lose?

PHYL. We shall not lose.

DOUGLAS (*facing her*). You will be loyal through everything, Phyl?

PHYL. (*taking his hands*). I'll be loyal, Douglas.

Enter LOUISE C. D. She comes down C. behind them.

DOUGLAS. You're a jewel, Phyl?

LOUISE (*laughingly*). How delightfully you play your part, Miss Lane.

PHYL. (*confused, as she turns R.*). What do you mean?

LOUISE (*to DOUGLAS*). Oh, Miss Lane has not told you of the little drama in which she is playing the star part?

DOUGLAS (*surprised*). Drama? (*Looks inquiringly at PHYLLIS, who displays anxiety as she faces LOUISE.*)

LOUISE. You haven't heard of how a football captain came to her and made her promise that she would win a certain new man for the team? No?

DOUGLAS (*nervously*). Go on!

LOUISE (*glancing at PHYLLIS smilingly*). She was to flirt with him, even gain his affections, if she could, but after the game—(*pauses.*)

DOUGLAS (*impatiently*). After the game?

LOUISE. She was to laugh at him.

DOUGLAS (*starts, looks at PHYLLIS in amazement*). I don't believe it!

LOUISE (*pointing to PHYLLIS*). Then ask Miss Lane. She cannot deny it. (*PHYLLIS and DOUGLAS show emotion, and she turns up stage laughingly, stopping near C. D. She looks at them with a laugh.*) And love was to come to you "without guile, without selfishness, without duplicity." (*Exit laughingly C. D.*)

PHYL. (*with emotion*). Douglas!

DOUGLAS (*crossing to her at R. C.*). Phyllis, this isn't true. It can't be true, for you are not that kind of girl. Say it is false!

PHYL. (*despairingly*). Listen to me, Douglas—

DOUGLAS (*interrupting*). Did Ted come to you?

PHYL. (*chokingly*). Yes.

DOUGLAS. And he asked you—that?

PHYL. —Yes.

DOUGLAS (*despairingly*). Then it is true, after all!

PHYL. (*taking his hand, tearfully*). Let me explain, Douglas! You don't understand!

DOUGLAS (*sternly*). Yes, I do understand! But, thank heaven! I've found out the truth in time!

PHYL. Douglas!

DOUGLAS. So I'm no more to you than any one of those eleven men out in the field yonder? (*Points to R. U. E.*) Your faith and confidence were extended to me only to keep my interest in the cause of your college at fever heat! Your friendship was the sop thrown to me as a reward for my services.

PHYL. (*tearfully*). You don't understand, Douglas—

DOUGLAS (*sadly*). I was to strive and struggle for your college. I was to give you my trust, my love, the best of my manhood, and, after it was all over, after I had played my part, and served your purpose, you were to smile at me, thank me, then forget me!

PHYL. (*in agony*). No, no!

DOUGLAS (*angrily*). You shall not be disappointed, your work shall not be in vain! I have not you to fight for now, but your college! I shall keep my agreement to the bitter end—nothing shall stop me! (*Goes to C. D., then turns to PHYLLIS, who has followed him with outstretched hands, despairingly*). I'll fight, for my blood is up. I'll fight to win! (*Exit C. D., turning R.*)

PHYL. (*at C. D., looking off after him*). I have lost him forever! (*Goes to table down L. and sits L., sobbing for a moment. She then draws herself together with an effort.*) When he knows the truth he will forgive me! (*Shouts off-stage. She rises and goes to C. D. and looks off R.*) He is there, fighting for the college, but not for me! (*Exit C. D. tearfully, turning R.*)

Enter POLLY, ELSA and JACK, C. D. from L. They stand to L. of entrance and look off, watching game. Shouts heard offstage R.

POLLY (*eagerly, taking JACK's arm*). We must keep them from scoring this half! Look, Jack! Look!

JACK (*looking R.*). Isn't that a peach of a play!

ELSA (*looking R.*). It's Douglas! (*Hides her face.*) Oh, I don't dare to look, for fear I'll see them stop him!

JACK. Stop him? You might as well try to stop a cyclone! There he is. Forty yards and straight over the line! Bully boy!

POLLY (*excitedly*). See him kick! (*Loud outburst outside.*) He's done it! I knew he would!

JACK (*frantically*). We win! We win! (*Exeunt with POLLY and ELSA C. D., turning R. College yells heard off-stage and great clamor of horns, etc.*)

Enter IMP C. D. She runs down stage rapidly.

IMP (*waving college colors*). That's right! Grab him! Down him! Sit on him, and keep sitting! (*Runs to C. D. and exits L., running.*)

Enter NELL and DICK C. D. from R. They stand at entrance and look off R.

NELL (*excitedly*). What a dreadful mixup, Dick! Somebody's hurt! Is it one of the other men? No, it can't be—

DICK (*eagerly*). It's Ted! He's badly hurt! (*Exit C. D., going R.*)

Enter TED, supported by DICK, C. D. TED limps painfully. They go to table down L. and TED falls into chair exhausted.

NELL (*following them, to TED*). It isn't anything serious, Ted, I hope?

TED (*groaning*). No, nothing much. Only a ligament or two strained and my back broken in three places. Nothing much.

DICK. I'm sorry, old chap, that you're retired from the game just as victory is in our grasp.

NELL (*sympathetically*). It is dreadful!

TED (*angrily*). It's durned hard lines, that's what it is! After you've worked for weeks and hoped and dreamed of a thing, to have someone else pluck the persimmon! Leave me now, for I want to be alone! (*Exeunt NELL and DICK*)

C. D., turning R. Loud noise off R. TED alone, despairingly.) They're forming again and somebody else is at quarter and giving my signals—my signals! (*Fiercely.*) And I ought to be there, to run forward, to run through the line, to fall beneath the pile! Now, I'm out of it—out of it! (*Rises and limps groaningly to L. of C. D., where he crouches and looks off R.*) They're too still. Something's doing. (*Looks intently.*) No, don't do that! Don't do it! Oh! If I were there! Steady now—steady! (*Counts.*) 2—14—18—1—2—3. Good, good! (*Loud cheering off R.*)

Enter KATHLEEN C. D. from R. She stops near TED.

KATHLEEN (*to TED, sympathetically*). I'm so sorry you're hurt, Ted!

TED (*annoyed*). Don't pity me, Kathleen. A football man who's been knocked out can stand anything but that! Watch the game! If we can only win.

KATHLEEN. We'll win, for Douglas has—

TED (*interrupting excitedly*). Look there! Watch him! That's the stuff, old boy. That's the stuff! Did you see that, Kathleen? Hold on—(*He turns his ankle and sinks to floor with a groan.*)

KATHLEEN. Poor Teddy!

TED. Don't mind me! Watch the game and tell me what's doing.

KATHLEEN (*looking off R.*). They've got him,, Ted—

TED (*despairingly*). The devil!

KATHLEEN (*straining to see*). No, they haven't! Yes, they have!

TED (*groaning*). Wouldn't that jar you!

KATHLEEN (*wildly*). He's over the line! Hurrah!

TED. And they'll kick and I can't see it! Help me up!

KATHLEEN (*excitedly*). He's kicked it! There it goes over the post! We win! We win! (*Drops on knees beside TED.*)

Enter EMILY C. D. from R. She is greatly excited.

EMILY (*to others*). Wasn't it great? Wasn't it glorious?

TED (*groaning*). Immense! And I didn't see it! Oh, Lord!

KATHLEEN (*sympathetically*). You may see the next game, Ted.

EMILY (*excitedly*). Did you see how Douglas held the ball, and how he shook them off? Oh, I'm too excited to talk. I can't think, and all I'm good for is to yell. Whoopee!

TED. Go it, Emily. (*Whistle blows, and then loud shouts heard offstage R.*) That ends it! We've won!

EMILY (*running to C. D.*). We've won! (*Exit C. D. turning R.*)

TED (*rising with aid of EMILY*). Give me your arm, Emily. I've got to see the fun. It was a glorious victory, but I'm sorry I wasn't in at the finish. (*Exeunt with EMILY C. D.*)

Enter PHYLLIS C. D. She stands and looks off R. Loud shouts heard off R. and tooting of horns. She stands to L. of C. D. as if seeking to screen herself from view of those outside.

PHYL. (*alone, as she looks off C. D.*). He believes me insincere and false! Have I lost him forever? If I believed that, I should die!

Enter a number of football players, carrying DOUGLAS on their shoulders. They are followed by girl and boy students, all waving college colors, carry horns and make loud noise.

PLAYER (*to others*). Three cheers for Douglas! (*All cheer.*)

PHYL. (*comes down C., seeking to catch the eye of DOUGLAS. As the others carry him down he sees PHYLLIS, who turns to him appealingly, and after a searching look averts his gaze*). He hates me! He hates me, for he does not understand! (*Exeunt all R. U. E. PHYLLIS follows them to door and looks off, showing emotion. Lights gradually dimmed. PHYLLIS, as she looks off R. U. E.*) I have lost him forever! (*Exit R. U. E.*)

Enter DICK, JACK, STANLEY and TED, C. D. from R. Lights are lowered and shouts die away. They sing a college song, then take out pipes and smoke. DICK and JACK sit at table down L. and STANLEY and TED stand near door C.

JACK. What's the program for tonight, fellows?

STANLEY. Bonfire, grand mass meeting, exhortations by the faculty to use the football money for chapel pictures—

EVERYBODY. Bah!

STANLEY. Speeches by the coach.

EVERYBODY. Hurrah!

STANLEY. The captain—

EVERYBODY. Hurrah!

STANLEY. And the man who made the immortal touch-down.

EVERYBODY. Hurrah!

STANLEY (*laughingly*). Arise, gentlemen, and give us a slight testimonial of your appreciation.

TED. Excuse me. I've had enough physical culture for one day. Sing me to sleep. (*All sing college song.*)

DICK. Gosh! But this is bliss! A pipe, the fellows, and no girls.

TED. Heresy, Mr. Newly-wed. Heresy!

JACK. Speaking of girls; don't we have to get them to this stunt tonight?

TED (*sighingly*). I guess we do.

All sigh extravagantly, then sing the "Stein Song," or some college song, after which they exeunt R. U. E. Enter immediately, ROBERT C. D.

ROBERT (*looking about*). Where have they gone?

Enter JACK R. U. E. He goes to ROBERT eagerly at C.

JACK. Ah, it's you, Mr. Preston! I've been waiting all day to see and talk to you.

ROBERT (*gloomily*). I haven't felt in the humor to see anyone, Jack.

JACK. It's about last night—

ROBERT (*interrupting*). Let us consider that episode closed forever. I'm sorry for my harsh words, and by Marion's statement, your part in the affair is forgiven and—and will be forgotten.

JACK. There's something wrong about this business. I've been thinking about it all day. It's suspicious—
(*pauses.*)

ROBERT. Why suspicious? Marion was led by curiosity to—

JACK (*interrupting*). Get the papers of the Brown estate?

ROBERT (*surprised*). The Brown estate?

JACK. Didn't you send her for them?

ROBERT. No; there is some mistake!

JACK (*joyfully*). I knew it. I felt it! And yet it was Marion's dress, Marion's voice, and who else could open the safe?

ROBERT (*meditatively*). Was she masked?

JACK. Yes, at first.

ROBERT. But why should she mask for you, if she were on my errand?

JACK. Funny, isn't it? At the last her mask was off—you saw her—she spoke so strangely that—Mr. Preston, have you given the combination of the safe to any other person?

ROBERT. Never! - (*Reflects.*) Wait a moment. Marion's dress, Marion's voice! Did she take the packet?

JACK. Yes, I gave it to her.

ROBERT. Then it was not Marion who received it. It could not have been she! I begin to understand!

JACK. But you saw her, you heard her own statement, and then, the combination, you know—

ROBERT (*interrupting*). Never mind that! How blind, how credulous, I've been! We've been tricked, Jack!

JACK. Guess we have.

ROBERT. It was not Marion who opened the safe, but someone who had an interest in the packet! While your back was turned, she disappeared, the real Marion entered, and—(*pauses reflectively*).

JACK. Still, what did she mean at the last, when—

ROBERT (*interrupting*). Don't you understand, my boy? She thought you were guilty of robbery, and to save you, to spare me disappointment, she shouldered all the blame like the heroine she is! (*Takes keys from pocket.*) Here, hurry to the house, unlock the private drawer of my desk, and there you will find the identical packet that was in the safe last night. (*Gives keys to JACK.*) Rush, my boy! See if the seals have been tampered with.

JACK (*runs to R. U. E.*). I'm off like a shot! (*Exit R. U. E.*)

ROBERT (*runs to R. U. E.*). Jack! Wait a minute and I'll join you in the search! Jack! (*Exit R. U. E. hurriedly.*)

Enter MOLLY C. D. She stands at door and looks off L.

MOLLY (*as she looks off*). He's out there with Emily, but I don't care. (*Shows annoyance.*) Why should I care? It's nice for her, and I hope (*tearfully*) they're having a good time. No, I don't, either! There they come!

EMILY and PALMER *cross back of C. D., talking together sweetly.*

MOLLY (*after they have passed off R.*). I'm so glad that I didn't get interested in him. Suppose I had fallen in love with him?

EMILY and PALMER *cross from R. back of C. D., still talking lovingly together.*

MOLLY (*after they have passed off L.*). Wouldn't it have been dreadful? That girl makes me exceedingly tired!

Enter EMILY C. D. She comes down C.

EMILY (*to MOLLY*). Molly, did you see an algebra about here?

MOLLY (*crossly*). No, I didn't!

EMILY. Mr. Palmer said he would help me with a problem. Oh, isn't he a dear?

MOLLY. He may be all right, but he isn't my style. (*Pouts.*)

EMILY. You don't like him, Molly? Why, you ought to be the best of friends after the butler and maid adventure.

MOLLY (*aside, savagely*). I'd like to scratch her eyes out!

EMILY (*laughingly*). He told me everything about the fun you had.

MOLLY (*contemptuously*). Fun! It bored me greatly.

EMILY (*anxiously*). Molly, you must be ill.

MOLLY. You're mistaken. I'm quite well.

EMILY. Then you're tired.

MOLLY. No, I'm not tired.

EMILY. You'd better go straight to bed. The excitement has been too much for you.

MOLLY (*defiantly*). I won't go to bed.

EMILY. I'll explain to Mr. Palmer.

MOLLY (*surprised*). Explain what?

EMILY. Your absence. He's coming here for you.

MOLLY. Coming for me! (*Suddenly animated.*) Emily, you're the one who is tired. Go straight to bed! I can't have you here another minute.

EMILY. I can't conscientiously leave you, Molly.

MOLLY. I can't conscientiously let you stay, Emily.

EMILY. He might bore you.

MOLLY (*pushing her to R. U. E.*). And you, too! No, Emily, I cannot hurt his feelings, nor let you make the sacrifice. Go on, now. Hurry!

EMILY (*protestingly*). But my conscience—

MOLLY (*still shoving EMILY vigorously*). I appreciate your conscience, but this time—will you please go?

EMILY. My conscience tells me—

MOLLY (*forcing MOLLY to R. U. E.*). To go now! Hurry right along, for the girls are waiting. I'll be with you later on.

EMILY. But—(*exit R. U. E.*)

MOLLY (*standing at door and waving her hand*). Goodbye, darling! I wonder if one must really love all of one's sorority sisters? I suppose she wanted him, herself. Just wait, I'll show him. (*Looks off L. at C. D.*) There he comes! (*She runs to table down L. and, picking up a magazine, upside down, pretends to read.*)

Enter PALMER C. D., whistling and carrying a box under his arm. He sees MOLLY at table and goes to her. He stops, coughs, and receiving no response, sits R. at table.

PALMER (*to MOLLY*). Molly! Miss Bruce!

MOLLY (*looks up frigidly*). Oh, it's you, is it?

PALMER (*shivers*). Ugh! I'm in a draught! (*To MOLLY*.) Were you waiting for me, Molly?

MOLLY (*scornfully*). Hardly. I came here to be alone.

PALMER. Hum! Does that signify my dismissal?

MOLLY. Why so? Even with you, am I still not alone? (*She turns her back upon him and after a moment turns cautiously, and finding him staring at her, turns away guiltily.*)

PALMER. Isn't it nice and quiet here, with just each other?

MOLLY. Perfectly stupid. I prefer crowds myself.

PALMER. Charming inconsistency. A moment ago you said you wanted to be alone.

MOLLY (*fiercely*). And—I am alone! Besides, can't a woman change her mind if she likes? (*Reads magazine strenuously.*)

PALMER (*after a pause*). She has been known to do such a thing. (*Another long pause, during which they look at each other covertly.*) Dear me! I wonder where Molly is? I promised her some chocolates.

MOLLY (*starts suddenly*). Eh?

PALMER (*holding up box*). And here they are going to waste. (*Picks up paper and reads.*)

MOLLY (*after a pause*). Hawkins!

PALMER (*reading paper*). Hawkins left the city last night and will not return.

MOLLY (*conciliatingly*). Mr. Palmer!

PALMER (*still reading*). Palmer is an eccentric fellow and objects to being called Mister.

MOLLY (*desperately*). Stanley!

PALMER (*reading*). "We rejoice to say that Molly is once more with us—"

MOLLY (*interrupting*). Well?

PALMER (*reading*). "Affairs have come to a crisis. All we can do is to stretch forth a helping hand. (*Extends hand to MOLLY.*) If the object of our solicitude spurns the helping hand, there will be war. If she accepts, it is hers, to have and to hold from this time forth."

MOLLY (*taking his hand*). I'm holding it, Stanley!

PALMER (*still reading*). Great pressure must be brought to bear—

MOLLY (*squeezing his hand*). How's that?

PALMER (*throwing down paper*). Molly! You witch, you tease! What's the matter with you now?

MOLLY (*rising and seating herself on the arm of his chair*). I think—I need sweetening.

PALMER (*giving her box of candy*). Very little, Molly, very little.

MOLLY (*unwrapping box*). You're not as clever as Hawkins. He would have said, "Not at all, Molly, not at all."

PALMER. But Palmer wouldn't quite dare to say, nor do, all that Hawkins did.

MOLLY (*eating candy*). So I've noticed.

PALMER (*putting arm about her*). But, Molly, dear—

MOLLY (*placing candy in his mouth*). "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you wise."

PALMER. Your inference is wrong, Molly; quite wrong. In this present day and generation, if you shut your mouth and open your eyes, your wisdom will be quite assured.

MOLLY. Nonsense! Hawkins would have agreed perfectly with me.

PALMER. Hawkins, the butler, doesn't love you any more than—

MOLLY (*putting another piece of candy in his mouth*). You, Stanley!

PALMER. Look here! Are you stuffing me?

MOLLY (*laughingly*). No, just sweetening you.

PALMER. You shall listen to me, Molly! Stop looking at me that way!

MOLLY (*glancing nervously over her shoulder*). Well, hurry up.

PALMER (*nervously*). Well, would you mind dusting in a family of two?

MOLLY (*breaking away from him*). Nòt a bit—if you're the other one! (*Runs to R. U. E.*)

PALMER (*following her*). You've got me hooked, Molly.

Exit MOLLY R. U. E., PALMER running off after her.
Enter LOUISE C. D. She comes down C., looking about.

LOUISE (*at table down L.*). All day long I've been waiting for a word, for a sign. There is no second will; of that I've made sure. The papers were valueless to me. I wonder did anyone see me putting them back into the safe this morning? No; impossible! And yet, I'm nervous.

Enter DOUGLAS C. D., wearing street suit. He goes to LOUISE down L. She starts on seeing him and goes to L. at table and sits.

DOUGLAS (*sitting R. at table—to LOUISE*). I saw you enter, Louise, and I was forced—

LOUISE (*interrupting*). You followed me, doubtless, in the hope that I might congratulate you upon your famous touchdown. Don't let excessive adoration quite turn your head, Douglas.

DOUGLAS (*annoyed*). Don't let us discuss football—

LOUISE (*interrupting*). I understand Miss Lane herself has given you the laurel crown.

DOUGLAS (*sternly*). She has, in spite of you. (*Significantly.*) Now, if you understand, let us pass on to another subject. Shall I remind you that this is the day for the opening of the packet my father entrusted to Mr. Preston?

LOUISE (*carelessly*). Why, so it is. I had forgotten.

DOUGLAS. It was opened by Mr. Preston in my presence this morning.

LOUISE. Ah, he knew you, then?

DOUGLAS. Yes, for sometime. (*After a pause.*) Well, a second will was found.

LOUISE (*starts violently*). It's not so! There was no will! There were only a few papers, deeds, contracts and the like.

DOUGLAS (*watching her closely*). How do you know, Louise?

LOUISE (*confused*). I know that the first will still holds!

DOUGLAS. But this second will, written, signed and properly witnessed, on the day before my father died, is now in his lawyer's possession.

LOUISE. It is untrue! You speak falsely!

DOUGLAS (*coldly*). Shall I proceed? Well, this second will, after declaring all previous wills null and void, and making some minor bequests to friends and to charity, devises the residue of the estate to his only son—me, John Douglas Brown.

LOUISE (*nervously*). You cannot deceive me. Do you think I don't fathom your scheme to defraud me? I know there isn't a second will!

Enter ROBERT C. D. He comes down C. behind them.

DOUGLAS. Listen, Louise. I am telling you the truth, and I'm trying to do it in the kindest way. At the same time I want to warn you to leave this place before your identity is discovered.

LOUISE (*laughing nervously*). I presume you have told Mr. Preston who I am. You have dared—

ROBERT (*interrupting*). It was unnecessary for Mr. Brown to dare to do anything, Miss Ross.

LOUISE (*starts*). You here!

ROBERT (*at C.*) I solved the problem for myself without assistance from Mr. Brown or anyone else. Perhaps it will interest you to learn that the packet of papers which you took from the safe last night—

LOUISE (*rises angrily, interrupting*). It is a lie!

ROBERT (*resuming, calmly*). And which you so cleverly returned this morning, was only a substitute for the original?

LOUISE (*with emotion*). This is a trick—

ROBERT (*interrupting*). Yes, it was a trick, and you gulped the bait! I myself removed the papers and left in their place a packet of documents which—I hope you have found pleasant reading, Miss Ross.

LOUISE (*fiercely*). I deny it all. I was not in the library last night.

ROBERT (*laughingly*). Oh, yes, you were. The gown you wore was the duplicate of Miss Dayton's.

LOUISE. No! I wore a plain black domino.

Enter IMP C. D. She comes down C. behind them.

ROBERT. By an artifice you learned the combination of the safe from me.

LOUISE. I repeat. I was not in the library last night! How dare you accuse me of such a thing?

IMP (*coming between them—to LOUISE*). I've been looking for you all day, Miss Ross. (*Takes handkerchief from pocket and offers it to LOUISE.*) Here's your handkerchief which you dropped in the library last night.

Enter JACK C. D. He stands up C. and listens.

LOUISE. I never saw it before.

IMP. Then your eyesight is bad. You dropped it when you were with Jack in the library.

ROBERT. You saw her in the library, Imp?

IMP. Sure, unless I saw double, and I don't believe I did.

LOUISE. She's mad!

ROBERT. Tell us what happened.

IMP. Can't now. The bonfire's waiting. (*Turns up-stage.*)

ROBERT (*restraining her*). What were you doing in the library?

IMP. Snoozing on the lounge. All of a sudden I woke up and I saw Miss Grayson. I thought it was Marion at first, because their costumes were as like as two peas.

LOUISE (*scornfully*). A wonderful invention!

ROBERT. Go on, Imp.

IMP (*angrily at LOUISE*). If she doesn't stop calling me a liar, I'll play hide and seek with her complexion with these. (*Holds up her fingers.*) Well, I saw Jack hand her a packet of papers which he took from the safe. She went to the table, raised her mask and I at once recognized Miss Grayson.

LOUISE (*alarmed*). I deny it!

ROBERT (*to IMP*). And then?

IMP. She hurried away and dropped her handkerchief. I tried to catch her, but she had wings and escaped me.

ROBERT. You could not have been mistaken?

IMP (*scornfully*). Mistaken? I am a Freshman!

ROBERT (*laughingly*). You're a guardian angel, Imp!

IMP. But my wings haven't sprouted yet! (*To LOUISE.*) Here's your handkerchief. (*Throws it down at her feet.*) You may need it—after you get out of jail, perhaps. Good-bye. (*Exit C. D.*)

ROBERT (*to LOUISE*). I think the proof is sufficient, Miss Ross. You played a bold game, but you lost.

LOUISE (*nervously*). You think so, Mr. Preston?

ROBERT. Fortunately for you, Mr. Brown is not vindictive. He agrees to allow you and your mother ten thousand dollars each on condition that you enter no contest of the will, and that you leave the Brown home forever.

LOUISE (*meditatively*). Indeed! How generous of him!

ROBERT (*taking document from pocket*). I have here a stipulation which you will please sign.

LOUISE. And if I refuse to sign?

ROBERT. Then you will not get a dollar! By signing this document, you will earn ten thousand dollars. Rather an easy way to earn so large a sum, eh? (*Places document on table before her.*) I think you will sign.

LOUISE (*after a pause*). Very well, I shall sign. (*She signs document, then laughs wildly.*) It is indeed something to have duped so great a lawyer as yourself Mr. Preston.

ROBERT (*laughingly*). It shows you are a woman of talent, at least.

JACK (*coming down C.*). Louise!

LOUISE (*scornfully*). Oh, it's you, Jack! Do you think I cared for you, poor boy?

JACK (*despairingly*). And don't you, Louise?

LOUISE (*snapping fingers*). Not as much as that! You were a mere puppet in my hands, and women seldom admire puppets. But, goodbye, all of you. (*Goes to C. D.*) I shall

leave the stage clear for a more responsive and less sophisticated Juliet. (*Exit C. D.*)

JACK (*running to C. D. and looking off after LOUISE*). I was a chump to believe in her. (*Exit C. D.*)

Enter PHYLLIS R. U. E. She comes C. DOUGLAS sees her and starts toward her.

ROBERT (*who does not see PHYLLIS, gets hold of DOUGLAS*). Now that we are rid of her, let's talk of the old lady.

DOUGLAS. Hang her! (*Eyes PHYLLIS.*)

ROBERT (*still holding DOUGLAS*). I don't mind if they do—after I've got her signature to this document (*tapping his coat*). How about that investment I mentioned this morning?

DOUGLAS. Do as you please about it. (*Breaks from ROBERT and goes to PHYLLIS up C.*)

ROBERT (*at table*). Then you must consider that bank stock—

DOUGLAS (*taking PHYLLIS' hands*). Blow it in, Mr. Preston.

ROBERT. And the Brown homestead?

DOUGLAS (*looking at PHYLLIS*). We'll hold on to that, for we may need it. Eh, Phyl?

PHYL. (*shyly*). Perhaps, Douglas.

ROBERT (*turning, sees them, then laughs*). I understand! Well, you have my blessing, my children. (*DOUGLAS and PHYLLIS exit laughingly C. D. College song is sung softly offstage L. ROBERT goes upstage and listens. Looking off at C. D.*) They're happy while I—(*sighingly*) I am groping about in the dark. (*Turns and goes down C.*)

Enter MARION R. U. E. She sees ROBERT at C. D. and laughingly creeps up behind him and follows to C.

ROBERT (*at C.*). Do what I may, I cannot help thinking of her. Will she forgive me the wrong I unintentionally did her?

MARION (*placing her hands over his eyes*). Bob!

ROBERT (*turning and taking her hands*). Marion! Can you forgive me?

MARION. For making me happy? For telling me what I wanted most to hear?

ROBERT. What do you mean?

MARION. Listen, Bob. You were so blind. You would not see. You would not understand. Did you not know that the love which meant so much to the child, would be the only love to satisfy the woman?

ROBERT (*putting arm about her*). I am unworthy of that love, Marion.

MARION. Have you not given me all the sweetness of the past? Aren't you offering me the happiness of today? Oh, Bob, what would the future be without your love—without you? (*Nestles close to him.*)

ROBERT (*embracing her*). It's a very beautiful old world, dear. The clouds are gone, the sun is out and the rainbow is in the sky.

MARION. A pretty path to travel, with one's heart's desire—at the end of the rainbow! (*They stand C. in close embrace until—*)

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SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles. Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his health. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The siege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

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